INFANCY,

OR THE

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN:

A

DIDACTIC POEM,

IN SIX BOOKS.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM,

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Invocation, and Introduction.—Health is the greateſt Bleſſing of Mankind.—It ſhould be the chief aim of Parents to procure their Children the enjoyment of it.—Nature and Inſtinct therefore are to be followed. Pernicious cuſtom of giving Children ſome drug ſoon after they are born.—The beſt remedy at that time, is the firſt milk of the Mother.—Various reaſons and motives for the Mother's ſuckling her Children.—An amiable duty.—Apoſtrophe to tender affection.—Directions how to chooſe a Nurſe, if the Mother cannot perform that office herſelf.—Cities deſtructive to Infants.—Recommendation of the Country.—The Mother ſhould overſee the conduct of the Nurſe.—The Nurſe's uſual manner of life ſhould be altered as little as poſſible.—Addreſs to Habit.

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BOOK

BOOK THE FIRST.

CELESTIAL Maid! from genuine Science ſprung!
Thee the pretended Sage, whoſe leaden eye
Inwrapt in metaphyſic gloom, ne'er deigns
A cheerful ſmile, thee with contracted brow,
And haughty geſture, all his vaſſals ſhun:
While by the Graces dreſt Inſtruction owns
Thy guiding hand. Celeſtial maid attend!
Tho barren be the ſubject, o'er its' wilds
So may a verdure not their own be ſhed,
And blooming flowers. With me then turn thy ſight
On the prime Infant-ſtate of helpleſs Man: 11
On the firſt dawn of life, when Nature now
Uſhers her tender offspring into day;
Obſerve the young ideas how they wake
In gradual order, till at length matured
By time, they ſpeak a living ſoul within.

View

View too the tranſient flaſh of mirth; the ills
Not real, yet afflictive; the quick thought
For ever varying, glanced from toy to toy.
Then conſtant motion pleaſes, then the ear
Catches at every ſound, the eye untired
Darts its wild ray, and every object thrills
The new-born ſenſe with joy. Come Virgin, teach
How on the government of theſe firſt years
Depends the future Man; no vulgar theme,
No fruitleſs taſk, experiencing thy aid.

We write to reaſon: Hence ye doating train
Of Midwives and of Nurſes ignorant!
Old Beldames grey, in error poſitive,
And ſtiff in prejudice, whoſe fatal care
Oft death attends, or a life worſe than death.

O Youth, whoe'er thou art, to beauty's charms
A ſlave, to all that inexpreſſive grace
Which native modeſty and truth beſtows
On their more beauteous minds, and which exalts

Britannia's

Britannia's Daughters o'er the female world!
Is thy Beloved propitious? Doth the god
Kindle his nuptial torch? And doſt thou wiſh
The name of Father, amiable, humane?
To view thy little Progeny around
Happy, well-formed, and ſtrong? Attend the Muſe;
Th' inſtructive Muſe ſhall teach thee to obtain
Thy heart's deſire. And ſay, wilt thou fair Nymph,
Complacent heed with favourable eye
The moral lay, refined and pure? To thee
Cuſtom hath given, while active life ſhall call
Thy Huſband forth amid its boiſt'rous walks,
Domeſtic rule: Thine is the nurſery's charge;
Important truſt! from him what abſence hides,
Thy conſtant anxious care ſhall well ſupply.

Health is the greateſt bleſſing Man receives
From bounteous Heaven; by her the ſmiling hours
Are wing'd with tranſport; ſhe too gives the ſoul
Of firmneſs; without her the hand of toil
Would languid ſink; the eye of reaſon fade.

To

To this then bend thy care, O Parent Mind;
Array thy Child in health; a nobler dreſs
Not gorgeous Majeſty can boaſt; the thanks
Of future gratitude thou wilt receive,
More than around him from thy treaſured hoard
Then ſhowering ſums profuſe; or giving all
Thy herds, and bleating flocks; tho thouſands range
Thy ſpacious meads, or cloath thy ample hills.

Would'st thou thy children bleſt? The ſacred voice
Of Nature calls thee; where ſhe points the way
Tread confident. No labyrinth is here;
No clue of Ariadne wilt thou need,
To Theſeus given; Fair is her open path,
And ſtrong the ſteady light ſhe caſts around,
Inſtinctive light, the ſureſt ſafeſt guide.

Thy Child is born. See, where the treacherous nurſe,
Or Prieſteſs of Lucina, in her hand
The ready medicine brings! Forewarned, beware;
Within the fatal drug lurks death; by this

Thouſands

Thouſands from yet untaſted life retire,
Thouſands of infant ſouls; yet ſanctified
By cuſtom, other reaſons are aſſign'd
And Nature is accuſed of impious deeds
She ne'er committed. Nature will preſerve
Whate'er ſhe frames: and what the Child requires
In his new ſtate, ſagaciouſly provides,
Both food and remedy: Before the ſun
Hath from his birth encircled half the ſphere,
He aſks, plain as expreſſive ſigns can aſk,
The Mother's breaſt: Without a moment's pauſe
Hear the mute voice of inſtinct and obey.
Know the firſt efflux from the milky fount
Is Nature's chymic mixture, which no power
Of Art preſumptuous can ſupply; this flows
Gently deterſive, purifying, bland;
This each impediment o'ercomes, and gives
The young, unfetter'd ſprings of life to play.
Hence too the Mother is ſecure: The ſtreams
Her Infant's health promoting, flow to her
Salubrious; otherwiſe confined, or urged

Back to their ſource, what evils may ſhe dread!
Sickneſs, and giddy languor, ſhivering cold,
And heat alternate, dire obſtructions, pangs
Of ſharpeſt torture, cancers, by the juice
Of boaſted hemlock not to be removed.

O Mother, (let me by that tendereſt name
Conjure thee) ſtill purſue the taſk begun;
Nor unleſs urged by ſtrong neceſſity,
Some fated, ſome peculiar circumſtance,
By which thy health may ſuffer, or thy child
Suck in diſeaſe, or that the genial food
Too ſcanty flows, give to an Alien's care
Thy orphan Babe. Oh! if by choice thou doſt—
What ſhall I call thee? Woman? No, tho fair
Thy face, and deckt with unimagined charms,
Tho ſweetneſs ſeem pourtray'd in every line,
And ſmiles which might become a Hebe, riſe
At will, criſping thy roſy cheeks, tho all
That's lovely, kind, attractive, elegant,
Dwell in thy outward ſhape, and catch the eye

Of

Of gazing rapture, all is but deceit;
The form of Woman's thine, but not the ſoul.
Had'ſt thou been treated thus, perchance the prey
Of death long ſince, no child of thine had known
An equal lot ſevere. O unblown Flower!
Soft bud of Spring! Planted in foreign ſoil
How wilt thou proſper! Bruſh'd by other winds
In a new clime, and fed by other dews
Than ſuit thy Nature! From a ſtranger hand
Ah, what can Infancy expect, when ſhe
Whoſe eſſence was inwove with thine, whoſe life,
Whoſe ſoul thou didſt participate, neglects
Herſelf in thee, and breaks the ſtrongeſt ſeal
Which Nature ſtamp'd in vain upon her heart.

O LUCKLESS Babe, born in an evil hour!
Who ſhall thy numerous wants attend? explore
The latent cauſe of ill? thy ſlumbers guard?
And when awake, with nice ſedulity
Thy every glance obſerve? A parent might;
A Hireling cannot; tho of blameleſs mind,

Tho conſcious duty prompt her to the taſk,
She feels not in her breaſt th' impulſive goad
Of inſtinct, all the fond, the fearful thoughts
Awakening: Say, at length that habit's power
Can ſomething like maternal kindneſs give,
Yet, ere that time, may the poor nurſling die.

Besides, who can aſſure the lacteal ſprings
Clear, and untainted? Oft diſorder lurks
Beneath the vivid bloom, and cheerful eye,
Promiſing health; and poiſonous juice ſecrete,
Slow undermining life, ſtains what ſhould be
The pureſt nutriment. Hence, worſe than death,
Long years of miſery to thy blaſted child.
A burthen to himſelf, by others ſhunn'd,
He wiſhes for the grave, and waſtes his days
In ſolitary woe; or haply weds,
And propagates th' hereditary plague;
Entailing on his name the bitter curſe
Of generations yet unborn, a race
Pithleſs, and weak, of faded texture, wan;

Like

Like ſome declining plant, with mildew'd leaves,
Whoſe root a treacherous inſect gnaws unſeen.

But, whether loſt in pleaſure, in the round
Of modiſh life, and diſſipation gay,
Miſnamed polite, the welfare of her child
The fair Barbarian looks on with an eye
Diſtant, and cold; or imitating her,
As faults of higher ſtation always gain
Partial abettors, the neglected muſe
Hath to the parent in life's middle rank
Tuned her unfructuous lay; ſhe ſhall not ceaſe
Deſponding, weightier arguments for them,
More ſtrenuous, more coercive ſhe can bring,
To which perhaps ſelf-intereſted love
Will ope their liſtening ſenſe. Of mental joys
And pure delight, they would not underſtand,
Or reliſh the deſcription. But if health
They covet, nor before the genial prime
Wiſh the ſtern Fates to cut their vital thread,
Thoſe hearts may prove ſuſceptible of fear,

Which

Which inſtinct, love, and duty could deſpiſe.
Nor ſeek We fabled incidents, to ſtrike
With ſuperſtitious dread the mind, but truth,
Plain, honeſt truth, inſpires the homely ſong.

She who refuſes to her Young One's lip
Her ſwelling boſom, each returning year
Conceives, and each returning year ſuſtains
The pangs of child-birth. Haraſs'd by fatigue,
The ſtrongeſt conſtitution droops; but ſoon
The weaker ſyſtem, like a blighted flower,
Falls underneath the ſhock. The nurſing time
Was meant by wiſeſt Nature, as a ſtay,
A vacant interſpace, in which the nerves,
And threads of life unſtrung, might re-aſſume
Their native tone, endued again with ſtrength,
And correſponding freedom, to ſupport
The day of toil: As a ſure medicine,
To root out many an illneſs, elſe untamed,
From the ſoft female frame: T' invigorate
The fragile texture, and with grateful force

Aſtringe

Aſtringe the fibres, morbid and relax'd.
But if not e'en theſe motives can perſuade;
T' improve her charms, new beauties to poſſeſs,
Is Woman's utmoſt wiſh. View then the Fair,
Who to this ſweet employment turns her mind!
Delighted Health ſits on her poliſh'd brow,
And ſhews the veins beneath? Spreads o'er her cheek
The vermil glow; her eyes with luſtre fills;
Decks her with radiant ſmiles, and all her form
With grace ineffable, and comelineſs
Inveſts. Enough of theſe—The Muſe beholds
With rapture ſome of other kind—Oh! hail
Ye real Mothers! Ye whoſe hearts are full
Of ſenſibility! Who highly pleaſed,
Would not, for all the gewgaws Pride can boaſt,
Looſen the magic knot, which joins in one
Your Babes and you; or ſee a Hireling ſhare
The love, which to a Mother ſole belongs.
O Thou, to whom, one of this pious train,
I with eſteem and veneration bend!
Lead on with decent ſtep, uncheck'd by fear,

To

To thoſe domeſtic haunts, where peace expands
Her wings, and Harmony delighted dwells.
Let me behold thee, rivet thy fix'd eye
On the young infant Form, then preſs it cloſe,
Cloſe to thy throbbing heart, then on it's lips
A thouſand kiſſes print, thy eyes with joy
O'erflowing, in each feature nicely ſcann'd
Tracing the dear reſemblance of it's ſire.
And lo! where pleaſed, beyond expreſſion pleaſed,
To ſee thee in the ſweeteſt taſk employ'd
Of female duty, where thy Huſband hangs
Enamour'd o'er thy boſom! not the night
Which gave thee to his arms, beſtow'd a joy
To this ſuperior; thrilling to the mind,
Sincere, and home-felt. O true name of love,
Tender Affection! Genuine Source of bliſs
Immaculate, and pure! The tranſient blaze
Of paſſion ſoon ſubſides, thy ſteadier fire
Time but increaſes! Soft coercive band,
Connecting ſouls! Without thee, what is life!
Mild Halcyon of the breaſt, whoſe ſummer wing

Calms

Calms every raging ſtorm! To thee the wiſe,
The good ſtill offer incenſe; all who bear
No ſordid ſtains; nor any but the dull,
Or grovelling, in her parſimonious mood
By nature form'd, or whom with iron hand
Tyrannic Cuſtom rules, deſpiſe thy ſway.

THRICE happy She, by inclination led,
By nought with-held, to add this pleaſing link,
This heart-endearing bond, to the ſweet ties
Of married love! But ſhould'ſt thou e'er be doom'd
Votareſs of truth and virtue, to reſiſt
Th' attractive warmth by their eternal hands
Implanted; to reſiſt the liberal call
Of duty and deſire; condemned by ails
From cauſes unforeſeen to tear the Pledge
From thy fond boſom; while thy ſickening heart
Bleeds at the thought, condemn'd another's care
T' invoke for him, the Babe, thy ſtraining eyes
Gaze on with nameleſs pleaſure: Let my lay
Direct thy choice for the momentous taſk

Whom

Whom to retain, what Parent to adopt
For thy unconſcious young one; for from her
Not only nutriment perhaps he takes,
To life and growth ſubſervient, but who knows
How far the ſtamina yet unevolved,
How far the ſoul herſelf as yet unformed,
For texture, vigour, paſſions, intellect,
On this thy act depend? Far from the bounds
Of the rank city, let ſome truſty Friend
Explore the ſtraw-rooft cott; there, firm of nerve
Her blood from every groſſer particle,
By hardy labour, and abſtemious Fare,
Sublimed; the honeſt peaſant's mate ſhall ope
Her hoſpitable arms, receive with joy
The infant Stranger, and profuſely yield
Her pure balſamic nurture to his lip.
But ſince the keeneſt eye may be deceived,
And vice will lurk amid the country haunts
To innocence devoted, it were meet
T' inveſtigate among the village Tribe
Their Neighbour's mode of life. Heeds ſhe the laws

Of

Of matron-like ſobriety? Her fame,
Is it from all ſuſpicion clear? Her ſoul,
To wedlock true? Feels ſhe a Parent's love?
To her own Offspring tenderly benign?
Does ſhe her huſband's conſtant heart poſſeſs?
Nor ſeeks he foreign pleaſure? Every doubt
Extinguiſh'd here; ſtill curiouſly perſiſt,
Nor terminate thy ſearch; examine round
Her little manſion, ſee if there, in ſpite
Of poverty, the ſtep of cleanlineſs,
Attractive Nymph, unheſitating treads.
Her age too claims thy notice; let not time
On reſtleſs wing have ſtolen from her face
The bloom of youth, nor be ſhe green in years.
For torpid, or impaired by frequent uſe,
The flexile veſſels which convolved in maze
Wrapp'd within maze, ſecrete the purer ſtream,
Their office will more ſparingly perform,
Or leſs nutritious particles ſupply.
And if thy nurſe be young, the thoughtful mind
Of prudence, would not to her charge confide

What claims exacteſt aſſiduity,
And ſerious vigilance. There are who think
Too ſubtile in their theory, the Nurſe
Should with the Mother aptly coincide
In age and temperament; but heeding well
The precepts we have given, thou may'ſt neglect
Such trivial niceneſs; Health from each extreme
Removed, is not to colour of the hair,
Or to complexion tinged with red or brown
Confined: Exceſs thou ſhould'ſt indeed avoid
Of plump or lean, nor would I chooſe th' aduſt
And highly bilious, or the ſable hue
Of clouded melancholy. Be it then
Thy primal care to fix on vigorous health
Adorn'd with ſmiles, the lovely progeny
Of conſtant cheerfulneſs, and ſweet content.
Nor would I (tho confeſt a quality
Inferior in it's kind) not prize the voice
From harſhneſs free, whoſe ſoft tone can compoſe
The froward Babe, or gently bid it wake,
And view the young-eyed morn. O thou, who help'ſt

To

To throng the crowded Town, reſtrain'd by force
Within that court of death, where every gale
Is tainted with pollution; did the Muſe
If ſome ſad cauſe forbade thee to purſue
The Mother's genuine office, to the fields
Serene, and rural Lares order forth
Thy tender Infant? not from needleſs fears
And vain precaution, did ſhe dare to thwart
The dictates of humanity. She ſees,
What do not to thy eye perhaps appear,
The dreadful train of ills, which ſwarm within
Th' unhallow'd precincts. Well ſhe knows how few
Out of the many myriads city-born
Survive, in juſt proportion ſcann'd with thoſe
Who baſk in freer day. Yet, much avails
A Parent's unabating love, and ſharp
Is abſence to the foul. But can'ſt thou purge
Th' unwholeſome atmoſphere, gravid with ſeeds
Of latent ſickneſs? Suffocation fell,
Angina, Apthous Sores, Eruptions dire,
Pertuſſis fierce, and ſqualid Atrophy?

Say,

Say, can'ſt thou bid the flagging South ſpeed by,
Nor ſtagnant, o'er his much-loved manſion brood
With darkening plume, of poiſon and of death
Prolific? When each danger I review,
Shudd'ring with fear, I ſcarce would bid thee prove
The Nurſe's taſk, tho nought ſhould intervene
Of fatal accident, and thou art bound
By every tie of nature to the deed.
For can'ſt thou round thy Infant's brow entwine
A magic wreath? Or cauſe an Angel lift
His ſhielding arm? Thou can'ſt not: Follow then
The precepts of experience; yet let oft
Maternal fondneſs guide thee to the place
Where reſts the little ſojourner, there view
How cheriſh'd, how improved, and lingering chide
The rapid ſtep of ſtill-progreſſive time,
Which hurries thee reluctantly away.

But can the Mother change unblamed the town,
For ſome ſequeſter'd villa? What denies,
Her bed of ſickneſs quitted, to retreat

And

And ſeek the haunts, where Peace on flowers reclined
Liſts to the warbling ſongſter of the grove?
Or from the gently-riſing hill ſurveys
The grazing herds, and rivulet which winds
Meand'ring thro the diſtant vale? Where Health
Sports on the level green, and young delight
Smiling attends: Where bounteous Nature ſheds
Her choiceſt bleſſings, and with guardian wing
Protects her favourite progeny. Retire,
My fair Diſciple, haſte to ſcenes like theſe,
And underneath thy roof invite to dwell
The Foſterer of thy child. Deſpiſe, with me,
Th' inſipid train of vanity and pride;
The foppery of cuſtom; quaint parade
Of ceremonial viſit; idle farce
Of maſquerade, or ball, where real joy
Ne'er entered; converſations gayly dull,
Unbleſt by exiled friendſhip; glare of courts;
And mummery of the Great. Be't thine to walk
With Reaſon, and enjoy th' harmonious voice
Of conſcious Rectitude, whoſe ſoothing ſtrain

Can

Can lift the ſoul beyond what vulgar thought
Can diſtantly imagine. If thou muſt
Require another's aid thy place to fill,
Her conduct thou direct, and regulate
The manner of her life, a pleaſure this
Inferior, yet affording ample room
To gratify the finer nerve of love.
To ſee thy Subſtitute at ſtated times
The life-ſuſtaining food ſupply, to mark
How thrives her young Dependent, and each day
Appears addition manifeſt to gain
In ſize and ſtature, while his eyes beam forth,
At leaſt to Fancy's peering ſearch, the dawn
Of future reaſon, and intelligence.

HERE, as in all things, Nature opens wide
Her page inſtructive. Did'ſt thou not behold
How in her homely dwelling, Health imbued
With roſeate tint the cheeks, and firmly ſtrung
The muſcles of her elder boy thy Nurſe
Hath left behind? She was not furfeited

With

With dainty cates, and high luxurious fare
When him ſhe ſuckled; never did a draught
Stronger than water paſs her thirſty lip;
Pernicious ale ſhe knew not. When releaſed
From ſhort confinement, to her various wants
No Friend, no Servant miniſter'd; her Babe
She fill'd, then gave up to the ſoft embrace
Of ſleep; meanwhile no ſedentary life
She led, ſhe ſpun the woof, in order meet
She ſet her cott, the viands ſhe prepared,
With which at even-tide to welcome home
The Huſband whom ſhe loved: Or in her arms
Bearing her grateful burthen, out ſhe hied,
Braving the ſummer's heat, or winter's cold,
And as ſhe walk'd, caroll'd th' incondite lay
Of ruſtic merriment. Seek not to change
Her uſual regimen, for if thou doſt,
Should ſhe eſcape the fever which impends,
Expect thy Child, attack'd by cholic pangs,
To writhe in torture, or perhaps at once
Convulſions fierce ſhall ſnatch him from the world.

For

For now her ſtomach, which from diet hard,
By habit's force, and potent exerciſe
Elaborated chyle of blandeſt ſort,
Oppreſs'd by crudities, corrupts the blood
With viſcid recrement. Or elſe the Brain,
That ſource of motion, urged by ſympathy,
Creates new impulſes of morbid kind
The vital threads affecting, and from thence
Th' elaſtic arteries, and ruddy ſtream
Within their coats contain'd, the different glands
Their various ſtore ſecreting, nor eſcapes
Among the reſt the lacteal tide, the food,
By nature, of thy Child, but now his bane.

O HABIT! Powerful Ruler of Mankind!
Great Principle of action! Reconciled
By thee to every clime, the human Race
O'erſpread this globe; around the frozen pole
Scorn the ſtern brow of Winter, nor beneath
Th' equator's torrid influence, dread the ſhafts
Of vengeful Phœbus; thou preſideſt well-pleaſed

Over

Over th' innocuous vegetable meal,
Which on the banks of Ganges, or of Ind,
Satiates the temperate Bramin. Thou can'ſt tame
To wholeſome nouriſhment the ſanguine feaſt
Of th' ever-roving Scythian. To thy laws
We ſubjugate the willing neck, profeſt
Thy vaſſals; nor the mental faculties
Doſt thou not ſway; by thee inwrapt in maze
Of ſubtle politics, the Stateſman plans
His fraudful ſchemes unceaſing. Thou ſuſtain'ſt
The Sage who labours for the public good
With patriot care, though oftentimes aſſail'd
By black ingratitude. The midnight lamp
Of meditation, trimm'd by thee, reveals
To keen Philoſophy Truth's awful face,
And all his toil is pleaſure. Led by thee,
The Bard retreats from Vice's noiſy reign,
And in the ſecret grot with Fancy holds
Delicious converſe, while her hand withdraws
The veil from Memory's ideal ſtore,
And all th' aſſociated tribe of thought

Displays before his view. Still may I bend
Before thy shrine, O Habit, when thy rules
With Nature's disagree not, (neither then
May we unpunish'd break them,) else in vain
Shalt thou attempt to fasten round my heart;
For know, that Reason, and her Sister Form,
Fair Virtue, can untwist thy magic cords,
And to their will, tho not annihilate,
Can all thy laws attemper and refine.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

4 AP 54

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction, and Addreſs to Humanity and Simplicity.—Importance of the ſubject.—Nurſery, not unworthy the notice of Fathers.—Aliment of Infants.—Milk, the only proviſion of Nature.—Folly of giving them various kinds of food, and eſpecially of feeding them by night.—Additional food when Infants gain the age of two months.—Not to be fed in ſuch a quantity, as that their ſtomachs may reject the Aliment.—Apology for Mothers being led into error.—Deſcription of Prejudice in general.—Mothers ſhould ſtrive againſt its power.—Ill effects of repletion, even in grown perſons.—Nature to be ſatisfied, not over-loaded.—Healthy appearance of Children temperately brought up, and pleaſing proſpect of their future behaviour in life by that means.—Weakly Children, though ſometimes of quick apprehenſions, not likely to perform the active duties of life.—The Storgè, *or natural affection of Parents to their Offſpring, may be carried to exceſs.—Weaning.—The fitteſt time when Children are about nine months old.—Before this, proper to accuſtom them to other food.—Vegetables alone, the cauſe of many complaints to Children.—Importance of the female Character.*

BOOK

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARE there with pride elate, who caſt a glance
Of ſupercilious ſcorn on ſtrains like theſe,
Stiling them low? While ſweet Humanity
Attentive liſtens, vain the Cynic ſneer,
Or Cynic frown. She, her warm cheek ſuffuſed
With bluſhes ſprung from conſcious virtue, owns
She thinks no taſk too mean, no work too low,
Whoſe end is public good; would ſave a life,
Rather than deck herſelf in glittering robes,
And boaſt of titled honours; ſooner give
One ornament to grace the Common-weal,
Than purchaſe a whole empory of wit.
Come modeſt Dame, and o'er my numbers meek
Preſide; come with Simplicity, who hates
The ſwelling phraſe bombaſt, th' inſipid term
Pompouſly introduced, as Artiſts vile

O'er

O'er forms uncouth their dazzling colours ſpread,
And mock the eye: She too ſhall bid the train
Of haughty Ignorance (for 'tis the curſe
Of Pride to be with Ignorance conjoined)
Keep far aloof, nor read the hallow'd lay.

YET not alone to Women do We write,
The Nurſe or Mother. Subjects ſuch as theſe
Oft have the Sages old of Greece or Rome
In ſtudious mood employed; full well they knew
That from the birth thoſe Heroes muſt be form'd,
Whom Athens might with future joy admire
Or hardy Sparta: Heroes who might urge
To their ſublimeſt pitch the rights of men,
Brave every danger for their Country's cauſe,
And make the Perſian tremble, tho incloſed
By countleſs Millions: Heroes who might act
Deeds which the Gracchi would not bluſh to own,
Or Scipio, braveſt, nobleſt of mankind.
Themes ſuch as theſe employ'd the generous ſoul
Of Locke, when with the patriot ſpirit fired

Of

Of Plato or Lycurgus, He aſſay'd
The manly taſk, from cuſtom's harpy claws,
And the ſoft lap of luxury, to ſnatch
The Babe t' enervate idleneſs foredoom'd,
Or ſickly languor; to connect his mind
With vigorous organs, it's impulſive will
Apt to perform, and run with eaſe and ſtrength
The great and difficult career of life;
Deſirous to behold our Britiſh Youth
Out-rival ancient fame. Come then ye Sires,
Whom love of Offspring, or of Country ſways!
You will approve my verſe; the Nurſery's care
From you will gain attention. Wiſdom's voice,
And deep philoſophy to you have taught
It's conſequence, and worth. Oh! aid the toil
Of a fond Mother, with your reaſon guide
Her gentler faculties; invigorate
Her virtuous weakneſs; to your well-known voice
She will, ſhe cannot but with pleaſure yield,
And follow precepts ſanctified by You.

WHAT aliment the tender Babe requires,
How beſt ſuſtain'd, the Muſe proceeds to ſing.
To Nature then attend: She hath prepared
No food but milk alone, and if it flows
In plenteous rills, abundant is the ſtore.
Thus fed, the lamb over the graſſy turf
Sports frolickſome; the patient ox who turns
Sweltering all day the ſtubborn glebe, by this
Nouriſh'd at firſt, his preſent ſtrength acquired.
And will thy Infant ceaſe to thrive, ſupplied
With this nepenthe? Rather He will gain
New vigour every hour, and healthful ſmile
Tho ſickneſs ſcoul around. Yet ſome there are
Who fill from morn to noon, from noon to eve,
Nay thro the hours of night, the ſuffering Child
With various cates, heedleſs of nature's lore,
Cruelly kind, unknowing that they thus
Fatten a victim for the hungry grave.
For from repletion, every ill ſevere
Which threatens childhood, arm'd with keener force,
Invades the delicate frame. How oft 'twere fit

The

The Suckling ſhould imbibe the milky ſtream,
From the firſt dawn of morning, till the ſun
Set in the weſt, experience muſt evince.
All do not feed alike, ſome greedily
Drain at a meal the lacteal beverage,
Others more nice require the frequent treat.

YET when Night ſpreads her mantle o'er the Globe,
And leads on ſleep and ſilence, it is meet
T' obey her mandate; reſt thy careful head
O Mother, let thy tender Nurſeling reſt.
Why wilt Thou anxious to thyſelf create
Unneceſſary pain? At evening cloſe
Forth from her den ſtarts the fell Lioneſs,
And thro the gloomy deſart urges on
Eager for prey her rapid ſtep, She leaves
Her ſleeping young one, nor expects he food
Till ſhe return with morning's early beam.
Yet this is He, who ſhall hereafter reign
Lord of the foreſt, and with kingly voice
Appal his liſtening ſubjects. But thy heart

Is ſoft, and cannot bear thy Infant's cries.
Oh! Heaven forbid that I ſhould wiſh thy breaſt
Steel'd to his real miſery! But theſe
Are cries which evil cuſtom hath begot,
And blind indulgence; unalarm'd ſuſtain
A few ſhort trials, bear unmoved the ſhock
At firſt; indulged not, He will fret no more.
Believe me, nor from hunger, nor from pain
Theſe wailings ſpring. How different is the ſhriek,
And agonizing groan, from ſobs like theſe,
Tranſient, and humorſome! To cloath thy Child
With health ſome little violence endure:
Nor to the dictates plain of candid truth
Thy ancient Nurſe's doating ſaws prefer.

The Stomach ever full, is ever weak:
But from refreſhing ſleep and abſtinence
Digeſtion thrives, and kindlieſt nutriment
Th' abſorbent veins inhale, wherewith the warm
And plaſtic arteries by due degrees
Upbuild the human fabric; or by which

Each

Each ſlender thread and fibre is evolved,
Gaining myſteriouſly their deſtined bulk
And firm elaſtic motion. Robb'd of ſleep
The Warrior droops his head, and longs no more
To plunge amid the fight: The Ruſtic faints
Vigorous e'erwhile, nor ſtrains his ſinewy arms
Holding the plough, but nerveleſs and unmann'd
Preſſes his homely pallet, ſending forth
Vain wiſhes to the Power who from him flies.
And can the gentle frame of Woman bear
Conſtant diſturbance and unreſt? Her ſtrength
Melts down apace, the bloom forſakes her cheeks,
A peeviſh liſtleſsneſs ſucceeds, ſhe pines,
And over-ſedulous is now unfit
To fill that office which ſhe moſt deſires.

WOULD'ST Thou thy Child to paſs the hours of night
Wrapt in ſleep's downy plumage? Baniſh far
The lazy cradle, uſeleſs but to give
Relief to th' indolent attendant race,
Who fain would batten in perpetual ſloth,

Who

Who ſhrink at ſlighteſt toil, and ill deſerve
The viands they devour. At firſt indeed,
During the circuit of a moon or twain
'Tis fit thy Charge ſhould only eat and ſleep;
Nature demands it. Afterward contract
The hours of ſleep by day, and in th' embrace
Of carefulneſs let exerciſe divert
The lively Infant; chiefly when his eye
Now looks around unknowing what he ſees,
Now when he ſprings, and ſpreads his little arms,
And ſmiles, and utters ſounds which ſtrike thine ear
With wondrous pleaſure. Tho We now permit
Some added food, its quality regard,
As of important conſequence. We praiſe
Above the reſt, the farinaceous tribe,
Bread well-fermented, unadulterate
With deleterious alum, this with milk
And with the limpid element decoct.
Yet always mindful of the golden mean,
Be even this with moderation uſed,
Nor ever glut the ſtomach till it loathes,

And

And the ſuperfluous aliment rejects.
The wrinkled Sibyl laugh to ſcorn, and all
Her dreams fallacious, when pronouncing this
A ſign of health. Nature indeed is kind,
And various her attempts t' evacuate
What would be noxious, and 'tis well thy Child
Hath ſtill ſufficing ſtrength. But he, poor Babe,
Had he the ſenſe to guide his appetite,
Would ſhun this conſequence of mere exceſs,
No proof of health, diſguſtful to the eye.

We blame thee not for yielding to the voice
Of Error; if beneath the ſolemn garb
Of old experience hid, and ſelf-convinced,
Not meaning to deceive, how ſhould thy young
Untutor'd mind reſiſt her lore? But when
Truth meets thy ſight, and pointing ſhews the way
To Nature's bower, thy blind aſſociate quit,
Enter the hallow'd ſhade, converſe with her
Pure Nymph, peruſe her lineaments divine,
And to her voice impartial ope thy heart.

It is not ſtrange that Prejudice ſhould gain
Acceſs to thy ſoft boſom. Who can boaſt
His freedom? Wide and potent is her ſway.
No Fiend in ſtronger bonds hath held enſlaved
The groaning nations. In Cimmerian gloom,
Where light ne'er penetrates, but Darkneſs ſits
In fixt eſſential majeſty enthroned,
Unconſcious Sloth, by Ignorance compreſs'd,
Brought forth this Monſter. To the haunts of men
Taking her way, the ſtars grew pale; her wings
She ſpread incumbent o'er the ſubject world,
Nor ſuffered men to view what ſlender bounds
Divided them from brutes; in torpid ſtate
Plunged deep, they lay ſupine for many an age,
Till Ægypt firſt rebell'd: Mother of arts,
And boaſted fount of wiſdom. Yet, tho bold
Th' adventure, She to burſt the galling chain
Strove unſucceſsful. Mid the twilight groves
Of ſacred Memphis, on the banks of Nile,
Prolific, wondrous ſtream, or round the walls
Of hundred-gated Thebes, in union cloſe

With

With Superſtition dwelt the Peſt abhorr'd;
And underneath her hieroglyphic veil
Incongruous forms commingled. Nor in Greece
Reign'd ſhe leſs abſolute; her Sages hence
Built their fallacious ſyſtems, airy ſhades,
And phantoms of the brain; with wordy war
Fought in defence each of his waking dream,
And ſuffer'd Truth with Socrates t' expire.

How long beneath her power did Europe bend!
Prompted by her, Ambition eagle-wing'd
Taught ancient Rome amid the luſt of ſway,
Intent on crimſon conqueſt, to neglect
Humanity and virtue; till the pile
By valour rear'd, fell from it's giddy height,
Shatter'd within by luxury, without
Aſſail'd by ſavage fierceneſs. Then what depth
Of native gloom, of thick-incircling night,
Witneſs'd her preſence! Every art was loſt,
Each effort of the mind; or elſe ſunk low
Crouch'd to the yoke; while o'er the puzzled ſchools

Exalted,

Exalted, ſhook his worſe than iron rod
The Tyrant Stagyrite; and Phyſic awed
By Galen's ſullen Genius dared not heal.
Each lovelier grace, each elegance unknown,
Each genuine ornament, till Taſte, o'erwhelm'd
With death-like Sleep, in Leo's age revived.
Philoſophy extinct, till Bacon roſe
The morning ſtar of ſcience, by whoſe beams
Transfixt, as erſt the fabled Python fell,
Lay vanquiſh'd huge Authority. Then firſt
Experiment with radiant lamp diſcloſed
The ſtores of bigot Time, and taught with nice
Laborious hand from each fictitious gem
To ſeparate the true. Hence day by day
The rigid ſhackles fall ſelf-looſed, or brace
Mankind leſs ſtrictly; we for Nature's laws
Read Nature only; Wiſdom ſmiles ſerene,
With freedom bleſs'd, and Fools alone are ſlaves.

And ſay wilt Thou in this enlightened age
O Mother, ſingle ſtand, and lend thine ear

To

To hoar, and quaint Tradition? Wilt thou treat
Thy Child by their opinion, whoſe advice
Thou would'ſt not follow in one act beſide?
Judge by thyſelf. What languor, what fatigue
Attends the fuller meal! What dire effects,
What tumults oft from the crude ſurfeit riſe!
And why is reaſon thine, if not with care
To govern him whoſe yet unripen'd frame
Of ſenſe is vacant? Tho with greater eaſe,
His ſtomach may the ſuperplus expel,
Than older gluttony; yet caution dreads
Events unfortunate, the nerves convulſed,
Fever, and each ill ſymptom which attends
The growing teeth. Unſkill'd to curb himſelf,
His appetite guide thou: So, duly fed,
Each meal affording what may ſatisfy,
Not burthen nature, on thy happy Child
Hygeia ſhall with eye propitious look.
His ſhall be comely vigour, winning ſmiles,
Freedom from pain, protection from diſeaſe,
And ſtamina well-knit to undergo

Each future change of ever-varying life,
Each toil, each danger, nay perhaps a baſe
On which hereafter may be firmly rear'd
Each virtue, ſocial, public, warm, refined,
Each intellectual, moral excellence.

For tho the Child of weaker nerves may ſeem
With quickeſt parts endow'd, yet ſhould he riſe
Thro numerous perils to the height of Man,
Oppreſs'd with liſtleſs torpor, how can he
Brave the meridian ray of public life?
Reflecting on himſelf, how ſhall his mind
Expand t'ward other's feelings? Nay too oft
Thoſe bloſſoms immature of ſenſe, on which
We gaze with pleaſure and aſtoniſhment,
Spontaneous from the blighted ſtalk deſcend,
Or yield harſh taſteleſs fruit. This ſtroke ſevere
Thou ſhalt avoid, more rationally kind.
If form'd by nature delicate, thy love
Guided by judgment, ſhall his ſtrength improve;
At leaſt his weakneſs, or th' effects it brings,

Shall

Shall not proceed from errors of thy own.
Thou wilt not gorge thy Child; and all night long
He ſleeps ſerene, an interval of reſt,
In which the ſtomach clear'd of every load
Fortuitous, its healthful ſtate preſerves.
He wakes alert, prompted by hunger keen
T' imbibe the draught nutritious. Thee too Sleep
Hath charm'd with opiate rod; no froward cries,
No tortures of thy Infant, cauſed by crude,
Unwholeſome, or accumulated fare,
Have broke thy tranquil ſlumbers. Thou too ſeeſt
Placid the break of morn, and to thy Babe
The well-ſecreted, copious aliment
Prepareſt to give; which, ſad anxiety
And reſtleſs hours, (in her, who idly fond,
And painfully ſolicitous, hath watch'd
The night, for other purpoſes deſign'd)
Rob of its balmy eſſence, elſe derived
Sprightly and plenteous from the genial chyle,
A weak, thin, vapid, unſubſtantial juice;
Whence to the tender organs of her Babe

A morbid irritation, which deſtroys
Their natural, and neceſſary tone,
Till haply dire diſeaſe, or death enſues.

Is there a ſtronger principle infix'd
In human nature, than the zealous warmth
A Mother t'ward her Infant feels? Yet thin
Is the barrier dividing right from wrong,
Virtue from vice. The nobleſt qualities
Indulged t' exceſs, a different hue aſſume,
No longer noble. Courage may be changed
To brutal force; to prodigality
The generous ſentiment; to licence rude
Freedom's bright flame; and tender nuptial love
To mean uxoriouſneſs. What finer joys
Inſpire the ſoul more exquiſitely form'd,
By vulgar minds unheeded! But beware
Leſt ſenſibility itſelf, uncheck'd,
Extinguiſh it's delights; leſt pity bleed
At every pore, intolerable ſmart
Enduring; leſt the ſofter paſſion urge

If

If unſucceſsful, to the wan abode
Of madneſs or deſpair; leſt taſte exact
Turn to faſtidious niceneſs, coveting
With vain deſire, among the works of men,
To find perfection. Thou too curb thy zeal
O Mother, that impulſive ardour rule,
That love inordinate, which urges on
To weakneſs, and perverts to criminal
The ſweeteſt, beſt emotions of thy ſoul.

WHENCE is this nameleſs Energy? this power
So forcibly attractive? who intwined
It's ſubtle threads? and round the willing heart
Braced firm the cord myſterious? Who, but He!
The prime Intelligence! Who firſt call'd forth
From warring Chaos this fair frame of things!
Who bade each part with animation glow!
And what He will'd t' exiſt, in order due
Not of continued, but ſucceſſive life
Will'd to preſerve. Who taught the winged race
Among impervious ſhades, with matchleſs ſkill,

To

To form their neſts, and guard their callow brood.
The Natives of the fields, and deſart wilds,
A fit retreat to ſeek, the rocky cave,
Thicket, or mountain high. Who gives them all
A thouſand wiles, a thouſand ſtratagems
Of crafty policy, from hoſtile force
To ſave their Young; and to defend them, fills
E'en the moſt timid with impetuous ſtrength,
And ſenſe of proweſs never felt before.
Inſtinct alone, their Tutoreſs and Guide;
But Inſtinct and ſuperior Reaſon thine.

THUS while nine Moons have known increaſe and wane
Taught to proceed, the pleaſing taſk of care
Is ſtill unfiniſh'd, much remains unſung.
Now is the Seaſon by experience deem'd
Moſt meet, an arduous duty to attempt.
Arduous to ſome; but not to thee, whoſe mind
Reaſon enlightens with a clearer ray,
Shewing the bounds between parental love,
And it's fond fooliſh mimic. Thou canſt look

Beyond

Beyond the preſent, no dull ſlave of ſenſe,
And for a laſting good, moſt willingly
Endure ſome tranſient pain. Thy Child long time
Fed by thy vital fluid, now requires
Diſmiſſion from the breaſt. Yet not at once,
As ſome have taught erroneous; ſuch our frame
That every raſh and ſudden change may prove
The ſource of harm. More wiſe and cautious Thou
Break thro the tye of habit by degrees;
And ere the ſtream maternal be refuſed,
His taſte to different nutriment incline.

Besides th' increaſe of food ere while allow'd
What diet do we grant? Some would defer
To years more vigorous, all, that tyrant Man,
The univerſal glutton, from the race
That grazes on the plain, or ſkims the flood,
Or cleaves with nimble wing the yielding air,
Culls for his uſe; and would not that the child
Should taſte of aught but what the fruitful earth
Plant, herb, or grain produces, with the ſtream

The

The lowing kine afford. There are no doubt
Who to the lateſt ſtage of life arrive,
Thus always nouriſh'd. On the ſhores of Ind
Check't by religious fears, whole Tribes refuſe
To bathe their hands in blood, leſt thro the wound
A kindred ſoul ſhould fly; yet ſome paſs thro
A century of years (ſo fame reports)
By ſickneſs unſubdued. Where high aſcend
Our Caledonian hills, the hardy North
A gallant Offspring boaſts, whom Fate denies
T' indulge, except in vegetable meals.
Yet when their country rouſes them to arms,
Waving her ſtandard to their view, they ruſh
Impetuous forth, and terrible in war,
Dread as the Lion hurt, in every clime
They fight, they conquer, hearing but their name
The diſtant Foe grows pale. Yet prone to doubt,
The Sage theſe fair examples will not truſt,
Implicitly believing. He will judge
Not from a race of men by habit ſway'd,
By cuſtom harden'd, not from every rare

Occurrence

Occurrence of longevity; or thoſe
The minions of their clan, who ſeek the fields
Where rages fell Bellona. He requires
A ſtrict impartial liſt, to know if more
Of theſe, compared with others, ere the force
Of potent uſe hath nature's influence changed,
Eſcape unhurt, and reach life's grateful prime
Active, proportion'd, vigorous. And here,
Theſe diſtant facts ſtill undetermined left,
Th' inſtructive Muſe ſhall teach from what her eyes
Have clearly ſeen; though ſocial, not inclined
To luxury's various table, tho humane,
No follower of the Samian Sect. Howe'er
The Infant form'd perhaps with ſtronger nerves,
Or of peculiar nature, may eſcape
The blaſting hand of ſickneſs, or may thrive
On vegetable fare, yet oft we view
Where poverty more generous food denies,
Tottering Rachitis ſeize it's helpleſs prey;
Or ſlow-conſuming Tabes; or within
His mazy labyrinth, the tortuous Worm

Finding a ſure aſylum, multiplies
His noiſome produce. Hence th' unwieldy head,
Diſtended joints, limbs variouſly incurved.
Hence the ſunk cheek, the hollow lifeleſs eye:
Hence loſs of balmy ſleep, and appetite,
Convulſive motions, agonizing ſpaſms,
And ſymptoms, which in order to deſcribe,
Had foil'd the Coan Sage. For maugre thoſe
Who idly ſpeculate, by fancy ruled,
Or ſuperſtition; Nature, we aſſert,
Form'd us, with mingled diet, herb, root, ſeed,
And animal, to gratify our taſte,
Or foſter life; a truth, th' Anatomiſt
Plainly demonſtrates; nor will Reaſon's mind
Admit a doubt. The crude or ſluggiſh juice
Which vegetables yield, with toil perſpired,
Weakens the ſtomach, whoſe contraction fails
Not juſtly ſtimulated: while the ſkin
It's pores block'd up, or e'en it's texture changed,
Is cover'd o'er with incruſtations fou,
Scarcely, if ever, by th' abſterſive wave

Of

Of tepid bath removed. But if by fate
Theſe viands are refuſed, condemn'd to taſte
Nought but bird, fiſh, or beaſt, a putrid maſs
Is gender'd, which pollutes the vital flood,
And taints each humour, till the general frame
Diſſolves as in a thaw. Theſe truths regard;
By Nature heeded, when with care She form'd
The lacteal fluid; a peculiar Mixt,
Skilfully blended; by digeſtion due,
Or in it's winding paſſage thro the glands
Animalized, and render'd fit to tame
The ferment of acidity, to which
Childhood is prone. Whence we conclude, that now
When from the breaſt exiled, as far as Art
Her nicer laws can imitate, 'tis right
T' adapt it's food, and mingle aliment
Of alkaleſcent quality, with that
Which might t' incorrigible acid turn.

This to prevent, haply the bounteous ſtreams
Of Pales, from each wholeſome leaf, each ſoft

And

And verdant ſhoot, ſecreted, which inveſt
Grateful, the dewy meadow, tho conceived
Of virtues rare, and th' intermediate link
Of animal and vegetable kind,
Will want ſufficient power. We fear not then
To bid thee from the herd or flock derive
Part of thy Infant's ſuſtenance; but ſtill
With licence circumſcribed. As yet the ſpoon
Retaining, covet not with firmer meats,
To ſatiate hunger, till the riſing teeth
Spring from their latent ſeeds, and deck the mouth,
Two rows of cleareſt white. The Fibres elſe,
Impacted, will not to digeſtion yield,
A harden'd, tough, indomitable maſs:
Nor will the ſalivary Glands emit
Their needful liquid. By compulſive fire
Rather extract the pure nutritious juice,
Mix'd with the virgin lymph; with this combine
The generous gifts of Ceres; and behold
The Dairy offers it's nectareous ſtore;
And Carolina ſends her pearly grain.

RARE,

RARE, and more rarely, now thy breaſt unveil,
Nor to a diſtant day protract the time
Of final ſeparation; He requires
No farther aid of thine; thee other cares
Haply demand, thee other duties; go,
Thou wert not form'd for One alone, tho dear;
Go, bleſs thy Huſband with a numerous race,
Beauteous like this, like this with health adorn'd.

How high the rank in life of Womankind!
Their ſtation how important! Hapleſs He
Who lives unconſcious of their worth! The Fool
Of groſſer ſenſe, or airy Libertine
Who draws his judgment from the forward few,
Or yielding weak, and dares with impious tongue
Pronounce them all the ſlaves of vanity,
By paſſion ever led, by flattery won.
Their frame like our's, but with ethereal touch
More delicately limb'd. The ſame their ſouls,
More ſoft, more ſenſible, and more refined.
Each uncontaminated Briton owns

And feels their virtues. Poliſhers of life!
Sweeteners of ſavage care! Who tune the breaſt
To harmony, or prompt to glorious deeds
And emulative toil. To friendſhip's flame,
To gratitude, how exquiſitely true!
Who tender confidence repay with love,
Integrity unſhaken, faith moſt pure,
Warm, zealous loyalty. With honour clad,
As with a robe, and beauteous ornaments
Of unaffected modeſty. Well-ſkill'd
To form the growing ſoul, and on its young
And opening bud to fix th' impreſſion deep
Of every generous thought, which ſtimulates
The future Man, to love of Parents, Friends,
Offspring, and ſacred Freedom, while as yet
Corruption ſuffers, in her favourite Iſle
The Goddeſs to reſide. Far hence, away,
Ye groveling Senſualiſts, to Eaſtern climes!
Where luſt, and barbarous jealouſy immure
The paſſive ſlaves! What joy can beauty give,
When ſtrays th' unfetter'd will? Or when in calm,

And

And thinking hour, the mind unſatisfied
Contemns the looſer Objects of deſire,
Pining for ſympathy? And feels a void,
Which roving licence never can ſupply?
The wanton dance, the ſoft voluptuous ſtrain
Sung to the melting viol, nought inſpires,
But languor and diſguſt. Miſtaken Men!
Who loſe the better portion of their time,
The dear domeſtic hour; the converſe bland,
Fruition of the ſoul, love's balmy zeſt
Which never cloys; parental cares conjoin'd;
Divided griefs; reciprocal delights;
The Life of Nature, Reaſon, Virtue, Bliſs.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

4 AP 54

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction.—Addreſs to Dr Cullen.—The diet before mentioned to be continued for twelve months longer.—The unvitiated taſte of Children to be conſulted.—Error of giving them whatever we like ourſelves.—Deſcription of artificial, and more poliſhed life.—Progreſs from thence to Luxury, and all it's bad effects.—Particularly the abuſes of the Table.—Children reliſh bland and inſipid food.—Ill effects of indulging them with wine.—One meal a-day of any ſimple animal food, with vegetables and bread, to be allowed to them.—Pickles, ſalted meats, and ſweet-meats condemned.—The only drink of Children ſhould be water.—Praiſe of that element.—Fruits recommended.—When arrived at the age of four years, the meals of Children to be regulated and confined to the common ſtated times.—Advantages of a Child, thus brought up, over others.—Remainder of the ſubject mentioned.—Thoughts of the Author thereupon.

BOOK

BOOK THE THIRD.

AGAIN from busy care, from thoughts which prey
On the reflecting mind, from the rank walks
Of Men, where folly dwells, and base design,
And flattery mean, and servile complaisance,
From the dissembled Friend whose hollow heart
Professing service, aims but to deceive,
I seek the Muse; whose charms can softly steal
Affliction from itself, whose power can smoothe
The paths of rugged toil, can heal the wound
Of discontent, and calm the throbbing breast
Of indignation. To my theme again
Well-pleased I turn, and view the simple race
Of Infant Innocence, as yet unwarp'd
By education, blameless nature their's,
And passions undebauch'd, from envy free,

From

From guile, and that aſſembled crew of ills
Produced by commerce with a tainted world.

And ſay wilt Thou (to whom long ſince had flow'd
The grateful ſtrain, if apprehenſive doubt
Had not ſhrunk fearful from the public eye,
And dreaded leſt thy praiſes ſhould appear
Link'd to our ſlighted numbers.) Say, wilt Thou,
Cullen! Unrivall'd Maſter of thy art!
Of ſoul acute throughout the winding maze
Of every devious ſyſtem, to purſue
And mark the ſteps of error! By whoſe aid
Edina rears her Academic palm!
While to thy precepts liſtening, gathers round
Attentive Youth from each far-diſtant ſhore,
And bigot envy droops beneath the ray
Of thy ſuperior luſtre! In whoſe heart
Dwells candour, inmate of the truly great,
And modeſt diffidence. Whom judgment ſage
By long experience taught, directs to fix
The bounds of theory, ne'er own'd a guide

But

But where obſervance faithfully ſevere
Hath ceaſed to pry; yet by her labours ſkill'd,
As with a glance, nicely to ſeparate
What vulgar minds by ſeeming likeneſs caught,
Abſurdly blend; and deem thy conduct raſh,
Till they behold with wonder health array
Thoſe cheeks in roſy mantle, lately view'd
As death's pale harbingers. For to thy eye
Memory her faireſt tablet ſwift preſents,
And method gives that readineſs of thought
By them aſcribed to fancy, but which ſprings
From painful application. Say wilt Thou
Accept our tributary verſe? Thou wilt.
For in thy breaſt the ſofter graces dwell,
Nor hath Philoſophy with ſtern controul
Leſſen'd the milder virtues of the Man;
Thine is the breath ſincere of friendſhip, thine
Compaſſion's unaffected ardour, thine
The Huſband's and the Father's tender love,
And warm benevolence incircling all.

At length, from ſtricter vigilance, the Child
Is freed O Mother, wean'd from thy embrace.
Yet tho refuſed thy boſom, ſtill attend
With guardian mind, ſtill prize our lays, for thee,
For Him, attuned; ſincere, however elſe
Wanting due ornament; nor haply needs
Important truth the vivid dreſs of words,
The tinſel decorations which the ſong
Inferior claims. Nine moons are paſt, twelve more
As we have taught, proceed; ſuch thrifty fare
Is beſt; thy Child's pure nature doth not aſk
Variety of meats. He thrives, He grows,
His cheeks unſullied bloom, his ſoul expands,
Thou ſeeſt his ſmiles, his gay inceſſant voice
Reſounds; what covets thy fond wiſh? And now
His ſtrength increaſed, his more elaſtic limbs
By conſtant motion exerciſed, his teeth
Given for utility, not ſhew, demand
Food more ſubſtantial. Yet, by every grace
Which doth, or ought t' inſpire the female breaſt,
By holy temperance, by every nice

Exciting

Exciting ſenſibility, but chief
By that internal ſting which goads the ſoul
To potent love of offspring, I conjure,
I charge thee, Mother, Friend, with ſtrict regard
Conſult thy Child's unvitiated taſte.
Oh! as Thou would'ſt th' invenom'd adder ſhun,
Renounce their falſe opinion, who ſeduced
By ignorance misjudging, think whate'er
Delights their groſſer appetites, will pleaſe
Will ſuit his unhabituated lip;
And thus unknowing but with liberal hand
Cheriſh their Babes with poiſon. Wretched Race!
Unconſcious Criminals! Murthering thro love
The hapleſs Beings they would die to ſave.

By ſocial laws eſtranged from Nature's paths,
We lead an artificial life; and feel
Unnumber'd wants, which indolence begets
On fond imagination. Poliſht high,
The cultivated manners yield no doubt
Joys of ſuperior kind; hence ſpeaks the ſtone

At ſculpture's touch, the breathing Canvas lives,
And Poetry and Muſic fire the ſoul.
A thouſand nameleſs elegancies mix
Our jarring minds, and by colliſion ſoft
Vanquiſh their native roughneſs; modeſt Love
Binds her enchanting Ceſtus; on our ſteps
The Graces wait; we drop the tear humane
Of ſacred pity; and Benevolence
Tho powerleſs to relieve, affords a ſigh.
The chaſter Genius of convivial mirth
Around our table ſmiles, and drives far off
Brutal ebriety; profuſion yields
The place to neatneſs; and th' internal ſenſe
Is caterer to th' external. Thus upraiſed
By ſlow degrees from barbariſm obſcure
Man gains his elevation. Oh! how bleſt,
Could ever-roving Fancy be content!
But always on the wing She ſtrains her flight
In queſt of novelty. Hence every thread
Fine-ſtretch'd before, muſt ſtill be finer drawn.
Our poliſht manners turn to frivolous;

The

The ſoul of Art neglected, We behold
The outward ſhew; unſkill'd to comprehend
The large deſign, on parts minute, on toys,
And ſplendid colourings we doat; reject
The ſtrain emphatic, curious of the phraſe
Uncommon, or ſonorous period round;
And muſic muſt ſurprize, not charm the heart.
To elegance ſucceeds the ſpurious brood
Of ſoft voluptuouſneſs. Love, holy love,
The faireſt flower life's garden e'er can boaſt,
Falls to the ground, and changeful wantonneſs
Rank particolour'd weed ſprings forth, ſure bane
To every virtue. Pity dwindles down
To mean ſelf-love; and ſeeming generous,
We're but the ſlaves of vanity. We ſeek
We covet the protracted meal, and ſtill
Goad, as it palls, our jaded appetite
With new incentives. Ranſack every clime,
Commerce the boaſted cauſe, for every rare
And ſtimulating condiment, ſpread o'er
Our northern boards the ſpices of the ſouth,

Adapted to it's habitants, to us
Noxious, and only fit to gratify
The ſenſe debauch'd which loathes it's proper fare.

For by cold gales our muſcles firmly braced
Act with due force: Or elſe th' ethereal ſtream
Perhaps condenſed, flows ſtronger from the brain,
And gives to every limb it's healthful tone.
Not ſo beneath more torrid Heavens, there ſink
The vital powers, to mortal languor doom'd,
Unleſs excited by the quickening warmth
Of aliment more active. What to them
Nature commands, to us her laws forbid.
And tho unconſcious of immediate ill,
At length the ſtomach, harraſst and o'erworn
By this licentious diet, fails; the pulſe
Weakly contracts, each nerve decays, old age
Haſtes immaturely on, and round the brow
Scatters untimely ſnows. The ſofter Sex
Indulging thus, beſides the common lot,
Suffer peculiar accidents, which well

The ſkilful Muſe, if ſo inclined, could ſing.
E'en accidents which thwart the general law,
Nor to their much-deſiring ſouls allow
To claſp a Child, and bear a Mother's name.

But whether Thou beneath the ſordid yoke
Of luxury wilt not bend, and truly wiſe,
Refined, but not enervate, view'ſt with joy
The plain and frugal table, ſuch as erſt
Angels and Patriarchs ſought: Or whether warp'd
By tyrant cuſtom, as we bluſhing own
Many there are in theſe degenerate days,
Women, the worſt of Epicures; remove
Far from thy Children each high-ſeaſoned diſh,
Each ſauce impregnate with the ſeeds of fire,
Each ſpice, and pungent vegetable, none
Admit, of foreign or of native growth.

Short is the time ſtretch'd to its utmoſt date
Of Man's exiſtence; to contract thy own
Intent, yet ſpare thy Child; draw not a veil

O'er

O'er the young morn of life: From thee He ſprings,
Would'ſt thou ſo quickly trace his ſetting beam?
Plunged in death's ſable wave ere thou haſt run
Thy own brief day? Daughter of Faſhion! no.
Tho all thy relative affections fade,
And every ſoft ſenſation droops beneath
The ſickly blaſt of pleaſure, tho thou flit'ſt
On giddy plume and thoughtleſs, mid the wilds
Of vanity and folly, we acquit
Thy devious ſoul of wilful homicide.
Read then our moral page, and better taught,
Know right from wrong, and ſenſe, by action, prove.
Should'ſt thou reject our lays (as who can ſcan
The deeds of mad caprice?) well-pleaſed we turn
From gay ſaloons, from courts, from haughty wealth,
And midnight riot, to more gentle ſcenes,
Sure of the ſpotleſs heart, and it's applauſe.

LEARN from thy Child, O Parent! He will teach
Full oft the diet ſuited to his frame.
View with what marks of loathing, He at firſt

Rejects

Rejects the hot and acrid; inſtinct dwells
Within, a faithful guard; his rapid pulſe
And native warmth by theſe are quickly urged
Beyond their bounds. He reliſhes the bland,
And to thy taſte inſipid; theſe controul
Each motion, nor permit his heat to riſe
Above it's due degree. Nor leſs he ſhuns
Deſtructive Bacchus; why then will his Sire
By frequent repetition ſtrive t' o'ercome
Nature's diſlike? why, but becauſe himſelf
Fond of the roſy God, and led aſtray
By reverend prejudice, he wholeſome deems
The fever-ſtirring draught? Nor wants he names
Of high authority, Phyſicians ſage
To juſtify his creed. But Uſe deſtroys
The benefit He ſeeks, and if diſeaſe
Should wine's aſſiſtance claim, it then may loſe
Its medicinal power. To every word
Each act attentive, Children imitate
Whate'er they ſee or hear; this principle
Strongly within their little breaſts alive,

Impels

Impels them oft to venture hardy war
Againſt antipathy. Of this beware,
The ſtruggle nicely mark, and point their aim
To proper objects. Nor becauſe You praiſe
The circling glaſs, and they with many a ſip
Vanquiſh their feelings, deem that Nature prompts
To what, except more rarely, it abhors.

Indulge averſion, combat with deſire;
A maxim ſafe and juſt; for this, by Art
Miſled, may urge to danger, but t' abſtain
Will prove at leaſt innocuous. Nor believe
That from ourſelves We judge, and interdict
What our own taſte refuſes. When the frame
Is perfect, when the fibres have acquired
Their utmoſt growth, more ſteady are the laws
Of our corporeal organs, leſs diſturbed,
To change leſs ſubject. Never would I ſhun
The friendly intercourſe of ſouls, which wine
In moderate draughts augments. We know it's power
To cheer the wretch deſponding and forlorn

Upon

Upon the ſickly couch; to mitigate
Stern fever's putrid vehemence; excite
The torpid heart, till it propell anew
The languid-circling blood, in every vein
More ſtrenuouſly alive; to calm the rage
Of phrenzy, and imagination's tide
Vague-ſhifting to controul, till reaſon ſmile.
Full well we know it's power to raiſe the ſtrength
Of drooping age, and in his ſluggiſh limbs
Awake the latent fire. But Childhood needs
No foreign aid to ſtimulate the brain.
Ever with rapid ſpeed from forth that fount
Of heat and motion burſts the nervous ſtream;
Each irritable fibre is full-fraught
Almoſt t' exceſs, nor aſks the leaſt ſupply.
Canſt thou improve on Nature? She this ſtore
Puts to it's proper uſe; this urges on
In due proportion each increaſing tube,
Muſcle, and bone, and ligament. Canſt thou
Direct her actions? Rather ſhalt thou find
T' exceed, will cauſe defect, thy Child curtail'd

Of

Of his juſt ſize and ſtature, weak, and wan.
And ſhould He ruſh hereafter, madly ruſh
Amid th' intemperate herd, and daily ſeek
The noiſy rout of Comus, how, too late
Wilt thou repentant mourn thy raſh exploit,
His appetite firſt led aſtray by thee,
His early reliſh of the fervid bowl!

NICE, and perhaps erroneous in their plan,
The younger animals as yielding leſs
Of due nutrition, and digeſted flow,
Some diſallow. That, food prepared from thoſe
Of growth mature, thro th' inteſtinal maze
Leſs tardily proceeds, we not deny:
More acrid are the juices it contains,
Whence ſtimulating more; it's fibres hard
With labour wrought to chyle. The young are bland,
Compoſed of humours ſuited to the young,
Viſcous, nutritious, ſlower in their courſe.
But as th' abſorbents greedily imbibe
Whate'er is nutritive, by this delay

They

They drink their fill, and to the ſolids add
The mild tenacious ſubſtance. Yet, not bound
To partial theory, without reſerve
We bid thee take thy choice of all the tribes
Which bounteous Heaven affords, and common uſe
Before thee ſets, of every age and ſize.
All but the ſtall'd, and cramm'd, by filthy ſloth
And gluttony, perverted from the ſtate
Of wholeſome nature; ſend the maſs corrupt
Of nauſeous humours, and of rancid oil
Far from thy board. In ſimpleſt manner dreſt,
Of theſe one daily meal we grant thy child,
But not commixt, his be one diſh alone.
Grudge not with theſe of vegetable ſtore
A plenteous portion, nor permit the bread
To lye untouch'd beſide him. Thus indulge
His appetite, and let him freely eat
Till hunger be ſufficed. This rule obſerve;
All animals which wildly range the earth,
Or fluid air, and all of vigorous age
With fleſh of darker grain, experience finds

More alkalescent, these the freer use
Of plants and herbs accescent will demand.
The tame, the young, and those of whiter hue,
Require them less. Heed well what we condemn;
All things which housewife art with care preserves,
Acid, or salt, or saccharine: all cates
Of unfermented flour composed, or those
Of fulsome sweetness, and enrich'd with wine.

These let thy Child avoid. And be his drink
The purest element, with which of old,
Heroes, and Champions at th' Olympic games,
Sated their thirst, and glorious deeds perform'd,
In war, and manly exercise; or He
The Heaven-devoted Nazarene, to whom
Cords were as threads, when fired with holy zeal
He burst his bonds, and with his single hand
Hew'd down opposing armies. Hence each spring,
And limpid fountain, every stream which flow'd
Soft-murmuring o'er it's pebbled bed, was graced
By wise antiquity with hallowed forms,

Pure

Pure nymphs, and gentle Naiads. Well they knew
The virtues of the cryſtal wave, e'er vile
Fermented liquors had enſlaved their taſte,
And thinn'd mankind. Paſs we th' Atlantic foam,
Where Britain o'er her Alien Sons now claims
Diſputed ſway; a hardy people there
Inhabited, bold, active, in the chace
Unequall'd, patient of fatigue, to foes
Tho unrelenting, yet to honour juſt,
True to their plighted faith, to ſtrangers kind,
Not one of limb deform'd, or trembling nerve
Among them dwelt, and numerous were the tribes.

We did not root them out with ſavage hand,
And bathe their fields in blood, but to their lips
More ſlyly proffer'd the Circean charm.
They drank the poiſon down, and by degrees
Relinquiſh'd their paternal fields to us.
Rare, ſcatter'd are their clans, ſome quite extinct,
Potent of yore, ere the deſtroying draught
Was introduced. The remnant are corrupt,

Perfidious,

Perfidious, treacherous; European cups
Have taught them every European vice.
Still flouriſhing perhaps, had they diſdain'd
The ſnare, contented with the ſimple ſtreams
Which iſſue from their rocks. Give then thy Child
The blameleſs fluid, friendly to mankind,
From whence Hygeia fills her ſacred urn,
Nectar of paradiſe; nor will He gain
Unleſs debauch'd, a liquor to his taſte
More grateful. Nay, would'ſt thou, if age permit,
And ſtrength unbroken, thy example add,
Truſt me no other beverage will ſo well
Aſſiſt digeſtion, none the ſpirits cheer,
Inſpire with calm ſerenity the mind,
And make the night glide by in tranquil ſleep.

But lo! where with Vertumnus comes the Nymph
Preſiding o'er the garden, in her hand
Waves Amalthea's horn, whence prodigal
Her freſheſt ſtore deſcends. She aſks me, why
This long neglect? And bids me ſing her gifts.

Her

Her various fruits, whoſe juices the warm ſun
By ſecret fermentation hath matured
From aqueous, acid, bitter, and auſtere
To rich luxurious flavour. Hither lead
The Childiſh train indulgent, let not fear
In ſcanty meaſure to their taſte impart
The ripe and wholeſome banquet. Still while roll
The ſummer months along, while heat intenſe
Darts through our frame, and ſtimulates our nerves,
Till languor each o'erlabour'd thread ſubdue,
And in each tube the purple current teems
With ſeeds of putrid violence, to them
The ſummer months innocuous roll along,
Innocuous glows the fervid ſky, controul'd
Their baneful influence by Pomona's aid.

For them, unſparing (for we ſcarce can ſet
The limits of reſtriction) pluck thy fruits,
Nature's delicious antidote 'gainſt all
The hidden venom of the ſultry year,
Mild, cooling, ſaponaceous, nutritive.

For them the bluſhing berry underneath
It's verdant leaf is hid, for them adorns
It's rough and prickly ſhrub, for them depends
The cluſtering currant from it's ſmoother ſtem.
For them is deck'd each tree. The ruddy peach,
The golden apricot, the cherry, boaſt
Of Kentiſh foil, the fragrant nectarine,
The plum, green, purple, azure, the moiſt pear,
The apple, theme of the Silurian Bard,
In fulneſs of profuſion grow for them.
Nor would I when by chance more vigorous ſuns
It's harſhneſs meliorate, not cull for them
Th' autumnal grape, nor to their lips forbid
The well-rear'd melon, nor th' Ananas' rich
And poignant criſpneſs. They are form'd for all,
And all for them. More cautiouſly ſupply
Whate'er by rough or bitter huſk and ſhell
Is circumſcribed, and all the hoard which aſks
The mellowing hand of age. Or thoſe we gain
From climes far-diſtant, ere they have acquired
Their juſt perfection gather'd; ſhaddock crude,

Pomegranate,

Pomegranate, orange. Let Heſperia's Sons,
Let th' Antillean Planter, or the Tribes
Of fertile Aſia, gratify their taſte
With all th' unlabour'd bounty of their ſoil;
Yet is not our's ungrateful; induſtry
Here cloathes our fields, our gardens, and our groves,
With plenty all it's own; Pomona ſmiles;
For cultivation oft beſtows a zeſt,
Which wild exuberant Nature would deny.

Ere yet we cloſe the ſtrain, one error more
The Muſe will combat. Tenderneſs may prompt
Whene'er thy Child ſhall aſk thee, to beſtow
The needleſs viand. In his younger days
We bound thee not to rules. But now when o'er
His head four annual ſuns have roll'd, adviſe
That he be taught ſubmiſſion to the laws
Of ſocial life, which ſtated hours appoints
For action, and repaſt. Nor heed the voice
Of ignorance, which talks of exerciſe,
And quick digeſtion. Often well we know

The vicious taſte of idle wantonneſs
Demands reſtraint. But leſt to thee it ſeem
As real hunger, from the coarſer loaf,
A pure, tho homely nutriment, ſupply
His craving; thus, with certainty detect
Fictitious appetite. His other meals
Yet undirected, both at morn and eve,
Be freſh-drawn broths, and milk in various forms,
With rice, or other farinaceous grain
Inſpiſſated. We would not ſtint thy Child,
And know his growth requires a conſtant flux
Of plaſtic fluids; nay, 'tis beſt to err,
If err, in quantity; the flexile tubes
Of Children, will perhaps with eaſe tranſpire
What is redundant. But with heed obſerve:
Add thy diſcretion to the Muſe's lore:
And reaſon, and experience be thy guides.

Now duly taught by thy maternal care,
O never may He turn his vagrant ſteps
Aſide, to dwell mid the polluted tents

Of

Of beſtial luxury! We would not wiſh
A ſtoical indifference, to fly
Forever thoſe delights which ſway mankind,
Th' exhilarating bowl, which opes the heart;
And feſtive banquet, where preſide the powers
Of wit and decent mirth; but may He live,
Born for ſociety, no hermit ſour,
Or driveling moraliſt, abſurdly grave,
And ſingularly dull. Temperate by choice,
But not auſterely abſtinent. By thee
Is the foundation in his primal years
Firm laid, by which he need not ſacrifice
To rigid niceneſs; but with health his friend,
Will not ſtart back from every little change,
Which weaker habits muſt with caution ſhun,
Or cannot with impunity indulge.
Thine is the work, and gratitude ſhall then
Repay the debt, the filial debt he owes.
Then ſhalt thou feel, tho ſtrong th' inſtinctive tye
Of blind affection, what ſublimer joys

Reaſon affords, the generous mutual bond,
Thy tender love, his tribute of the ſoul.

Thus far the Muſe Didactic hath aſſay'd
Her purpoſed theme, ſcattering before the ſteps
Of Truth and Science, o'er their toilſome paths
The not unfrequent flower; the ſweets which bloom
On thoſe delicious banks forever green,
Fed by tranſlucent rills which murmuring ſweep
O'er ſands of gold; where Fancy lovelieſt Nymph
Delighted ſtrays, or with the Sylvan powers,
Dryads, and Fauns, diſporting, joins the dance;
And ſings her wildeſt note; or ſilent ſtands,
Her roving eye, her giddy ſtep enthrall'd,
Attentive to Minerva's heavenly voice,
Enamour'd of her wiſdom; and from Her
Receives the potent wand by Judgment form'd,
And waves it o'er her works, which thence remain
Unfading and immortal. Reſt not here
O Virgin, ſtill be Infant Man thy theme;
And what of cloathing, what of exerciſe

He

He needs, relate, nor his diſeaſes ſcorn
With hand benign to paint, and teach the cure.

Thou wilt not, if the ſharp inclement air
Of cold neglect freeze not thy vital warmth,
And in the cave of ſolitude faſt bind
Thy wings aſpiring, which ſhall ſhed their plumes
Of varied die, or fold thee ever round
In ſullen indignation. Rather far
From thee be thoughts like theſe! Stoop not thy ſoul
To fears of vulgar nature; high above
This ſordid earth direct thy piercing eye,
And view where rear'd beyond the gulph of Death
Stands Fame's refulgent dome, to living Wight
Aye inacceſſible. Still, as of yore
Thou ſought'ſt th' Aſcrean, or the Mantuan Bard,
Thy viſions ſpread before my raptured ſight,
And ſoothe my ear with thoſe celeſtial ſtrains,
Which on Olympus' lofty top reclined,
Charm Jove himſelf: while virtue, reaſon, truth,
Humanity, and love, each ſound applaud,

And

And bleſs th' unproſtituted lyre. Oh! hail
Ye pure, ethereal Bards, who nobly ſtoop'd
To teach mankind! who round the flowing locks
Of fancy, caſt the ſacred wreathe, inwove
By the fair fingers of Utility,
Which ſcorns caprice, and whim, amuſive toys,
And trifles vain, th' unprofitable gawds
Which catch the light and airy mind of Youth,
Or vacant Pleaſure! Hail again ye Bards!
Nor only ye of Greece and Rome, who firſt
Stole from the croud profane my chaſtened thoughts,
And as I gazed upon your page, inſpired
The holy frenzy of ambitious love,
Aiming with ardent, but ſucceſsleſs toil,
To emulate your beauties! Ye too hail
Ye ſons of Britain! Maſters of the ſong!
Thou AKENSIDE, late wept by every Muſe,
Whoſe ſkilful hand unlock'd the ſecret ſource
Of mental pleaſure, founded in the new,
The graceful, and ſublime! Nor blind to worth,
Tho ſtill upon this wave-worn ſhore it ſtand

Of

Of troublous life, by envy's blasts assail'd
Be thou ungreeted, ARMSTRONG, in my verse,
Thou Parent of the Prophylactic Lay!
Nor MASON, thou, whose polisht taste instructs
To form the English Garden, mingling art
With rural wildness, and simplicity!
Nor BEATTIE, Friend of Truth, whose Gothic harp
As if from magic touch, emit such tones,
That e'en Apollo might his lyre forget,
And wonder at the harmony; while pleased,
In Edwin's ripening Genius, we behold
The progress of thy own! Hail too ye Friends
Of Nature, and the Muse, of soul refined,
Of judgment unimpair'd, by slavish Art
Unmanacled, who feeling, dare confess
The pleasure which Ye feel! who mid the scenes
Of calm retirement, from the genuine cup
Nectareous, virtue-crown'd, drink true delight!
While the mad riotous crew at distance heard,
Disturb not your pure ears, nor aught inspire

But

But pity and contempt? To you alone
These Bards have sung, to you alone I sing.

O LET me mingle with the hallowed band,
By you exalted! Let me scorn with you,
The base, luxurious, dissipated Great;
Who to the yoke of every foreign vice
Bow down the neck disgraceful, and retain
Only the name of Britons. Strangers They
To every wish, each thought of nobler kind,
Absorb'd in selfish joys, of public good,
Of private virtue, heedless. Skill'd to game,
To waste their trifling hours beneath the shade
Of indolence, to steer the fragile bark
O'er the smooth wave of folly. They applaud
What taste condemns; their highest excellence,
To deck with richest offerings the vain shrine
Of those Musicians, who distort the most
The native elegance, and most pollute
Each charm of Melody, or those who urge
The human voice divine to heights which well

Madness

Madneſs might emulate: While JACKSON's ſtrains
Breathing in every note the ſoul of love,
Of paſſion, feeling, ſenſe, and ſentiment,
Flow unrewarded; ſave that Nature ſtands
Liſtening, and drinks in every thrilling ſound.
Delicious, but unprofitable meed
Of elevated Genius! Fond of ſhew,
Of pompous ſcenes, of barren novelties,
Of tortured incidents, and poor fineſſe,
Filch'd from the Gallic, or Italian ſtage,
They reliſh not, while they pretend t' admire
Our Shakeſpeare's matchleſs energy. The voice
Of wiſdom they deſpiſe; the ſacred lyre
They trample in the duſt; a catch, a glee,
A ſong obſcene, a libel, which deſtroys
Some good man's peace of mind, and blaſts his fame;
Strikes their weak ſouls with rapture. Wedded love
They flout to ſcorn; poſterity with them
Is lighter than a ſhade; a rapid whirl
Of vice fantaſtic hurries on their lives;
And e'en the Flatterer whom they feed, would bluſh

To

To praiſe their memory. Is this the Race,
O Britain, Nurſe ſublime of Heroes old,
Of Patriots, Sages, who thy ſtate have raiſed
To it's all-envied height! Is this the Race
Deſtined to guide thy counſels? form thy laws?
Croud thy once-awful Senate? Againſt theſe,
Muſt public ſpirit idly ſtrain the nerve?
To theſe, muſt worth, and modeſt merit yield?
The reptile ſpawn of inſignificance,
Corruption-foſter'd? Then farewell to all
Thy boaſted glories; Stile thyſelf no more
The Queen of Nations; levell'd with the mean
And undiſtinguiſh'd kingdoms of the Earth.
Thou haſt been free! The Æra will arrive;
Thou ſhalt be free no more! O'er folly, vice,
Ariſtocratic faction ſhall uſurp,
Or bold, and enterprifing Monarchy
With juſtice claim dominion. 'Tis moſt fit.
Amid th' extenſive records of mankind,
It ne'er was found, that freedom could ſurvive
Where honour dwelt not; where with careleſs eye,

Or,

Or, but intent on pleaſure, Luxury ſat
And view'd her chain, unmoved, where love of fame,
Where the keen hopes of future praiſe, no more
Awoke the generous deed, the grateful praiſe,
Paid by poſterity to liberal ſouls,
Who plan the good of ages. Yet, at once
Quit not this Iſle O Virtue! In the ſcenes,
The lower ſcenes of action, linger ſtill.
Far from the plague-ſtruck Capital, inſpire
The honeſt individual; in his ſoul
Cheriſh the warm affections; let him feel
The joys of unpolluted love, and think
His offspring worth his care! Still may'ſt Thou walk
On Iſca's banks where thro the blooming vale
It's lucid ſtream meanders, and receive
The Oriſons, which there thy Votaries pour
From hearts unconſcious of deceit, untaught
The falſe refinements of ſuperior life!
Bleſt by the Muſe, in nuptial friendſhip, bleſt,
Forbid th' external ſight of things, within
Illumed by goodneſs, and the beams ſerene

Which taſte, which wiſdom, and contentment ſhed,
May BLACKLOCK ſtill enfold thee? May'ſt Thou dwell
From pride far diſtant, from the tyrant ſway,
And noon-tide glare of vanity, with Him,
And his Compatriots! Drop th' expreſſive tear
O'er GREGORYS' tomb; in whom alive, combined
All, that the ſapient head, or feeling heart,
Proclaim; and admiration, and eſteem,
And reverence, move! Then caſt thy eyes around,
And own Thou ne'er beheld'ſt a ſoil more pure!
A ſoil, where manly parts, and ſenſe acute
Spontaneous grow, and every female grace
Adorns with innocence and chaſte reſerve
The Matron's boſom. Spite of Southern pride,
The rancorous lye, or partial ridicule,
It's Sons and Daughters perfect in their kind.
In bravery, worth unqueſtion'd, ſtrength of ſoul,
In modeſt tenderneſs, domeſtic charms,
Tho equall'd, ne'er ſurpaſt. Thus may'ſt Thou ſtill
Preſerve a Few from the contagious air
Which luxury breathes! A remnant whence to learn

What

What Britons erſt have been! Preſerve them Heaven!
And when they caſt the page of flattery by,
Let them with kindred warmth theſe notes approve,
And ſay, The Strains are our's, for Us attuned,
And for the ſake of Children yet unborn.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

4 AP 54

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction.—Addreſs to Mr Codrington.—Subject of the Book propoſed, viz. Cloathing, Heat, and Cold. Nature ſtill to be attended to.—Infants not ſo ſuſceptible of cold as is generally imagined.—Other cauſes occaſioning their firſt cries.—Might bear even ſeverity of cold though naked.—Their Cloathing to be light and perfectly eaſy.—Animadverſion on different treatment of them, not ſo neceſſary now, as when Swathing was more in uſe.—Deſcription of that cuſtom, and it's ill effects.—Daughters were confined ſtill longer.—The unnatural attempt to procure them what was called a fine ſhape, ridiculed.—No part of the body to be loaded.—The head, the legs, and feet to be uncovered.—Cleanlineſs inſiſted on.—Regard due to good Servants, and Nurſes.—Exceſs of heat to be avoided, whether communicated by contact, or by weight of bed-cloaths.—Communicated warmth when particularly uſeful.—Cold Bath recommended.—Apoſtrophe to the Springs, Rivers, &c.

BOOK

BOOK THE FOURTH.

SWEET is the breath of Fame, and o'er the ſoul
Of Youth, on Fancy's pinions wafted back,
The daring Viſitor of times unknown,
And future ages, like a ſpicy breeze
Steals her delicious fragrance; like a breeze
From Zeylon or Sumatra, which enchants
The Sailors heart, tho night involves the coaſt,
And hides it's lovely foliage from his view:
While in his mind He ſees the blooming groves,
And haply thinks them fairer than they are.

SWEET o'er my boſom ſtole the breath of Fame
In early life, on Fancy's pinions borne;
Th' ideal proſpects roſe ſupremely fair,
And in extatic viſion I beheld
Perennial bays diſtinguiſhing my tomb.

For

For not unuſeful, or of light import
The ſtrains I ſung. And though mid glades obſcure
Dwelt the ſequeſter'd Muſe, from riot far,
From pomp imperious, and the lordly board
Begirt with ſervile flatterers, yet her breaſt
By human kindneſs ſway'd, where'er had pierced
The Britiſh language, manners, arts, and arms,
Revered the Good; and baſe-born Envy dead,
Or vanquiſht, or engaged with living worth,
Exulted in th' eſteem of times to come,
And Virtue's mutual friendſhip unreſerved.
In diſtant Continents, where horrid War
Now ſtains with Brother's blood the guilty ſoil,
In diſtant Iſlands, mid their nodding palms,
And growing ſweets, her eyes ſurvey'd with joy
The willing Parent bending o'er her lay.

Dear to the youthful mind, ye Proſpects hail!
Ye Viſions wide-removed! for deep Ye thrill'd,
Fixing, as real, all your traces there.
And, if illuſive all, yet riper Age

Can

Can ſcarce believe the flattering ſcenes untrue,
Or ceaſe the vivid colours to behold
Bright glowing thro the ſhadowy lapſe of years.

MEANWHILE, O CODRINGTON! whoſe generous heart
Blames not the tenor of my partial ſong;
By whom uncenſured flows the ſelf-applauſe,
Whoſe temper, mild as an autumnal ſky,
No cloud obſcures; with feelings warm, yet ruled
By cautious judgment, in whoſe breaſt reſides
Friendſhip's pure Heaven-deſcended flame; alive
To all a Parent's fondeſt love; yet both
Under ſuperior reaſon's nice controul
Directed to their trueſt end and uſe!
For thee, and ſuch as thee, an audience ſmall,
In ſpace and number circumſcribed, by wealth,
By rank and titles undebaſed, again
I venture the Pierian ſpring to ſeek,
And tread on ſacred ground. How difficult
Where, thro the laurel groves, and myrtle ſhades,
The verdant alleys, lawns, and riſing ſlopes,

Thick ſtrewn with flowers of every various hue,
Of every various ſeaſon, Elegance,
Coy Nymph, unſeted wanders, on each ſcene
With curious eye commenting, from the ſweets,
The never-fading blooms, each viriđ arch,
Selecting meeteſt garlands, to ſuſpend
Upon the tree of Taſte, moſt eminent
In the poetic region, underneath
Whoſe fragrant ſhelter, Phœbus and the Nine
In chorus met, attune their happier ſtrains
Of rareſt harmony; How difficult,
By Health and Youth attended, to purſue
The baſhful Maid, attract her favouring eye,
And wooe Her to beſtow a ſingle wreathe!

CAN I then hope, whom ſickneſs long hath drench'd
In her Lethæan dews, with feeble limbs,
And wan complection, from her hands to bear
Thoſe gifts, which unpoſſeſt, my lays muſt creep
Dully monotonous, nor touch the heart,
Nor win th' approving mind? Yet, witneſs Thou!

Witneſs

Witneſs my Friend! Who know'ſt the human frame,
Each drug of cordial, each of healing power,
To me in vain adminiſter'd, what toil
I muſt experience now, the Nymph to trace
Through her meand'ring walks! what partial chance
Should ſhe my languid homage not diſdain!

YET, thy inciting voice; the conſcious thought
Sprung from the love of kind, which tells Me, all
Will not be fruſtrate, nor the darling wiſh
Of public good be wholly unfulfill'd;
Some loitering ſparks of that once brighter flame
My ſoul enkindling, prompt me to a talk
Long interrupted: Where in ſlumbers deep
It reſts, t' awaken the Didactic Lyre;
With it's more ſolemn notes to mingle tones
(So they to memory fail not to recur)
Oft heard of yore, as t' ward the lucid fount
I ſtole, not unforbidden; tones which pleaſe
Heighten'd the more by contraſt, and engage
Amuſive the charm'd ear, till it imbibe

Inſtruction

Inſtruction with delight, till melody
Not the chief object ſeem, it's liquid voice
Yielding to reaſon's energy divine.

Of Cloathing now, of Heat, and Cold We ſing,
Unanimating themes; but which require
Th' attention of the Bard, as not of uſe
Inferior to the ſubjects which erewhile
He ſtrove t' adorn; nor claiming notice leſs
From the true boſom of Parental Love.

Still heed We Nature, and her guiding ſteps
Purſue; nor, tho with moans, and plaintive cries
From his concealment iſſues to the light
Man's tender Progeny, believe, He feels
Th' external air his undefended frame
Keenly invade. Theſe moans, theſe cries proceed
From other cauſes. To his lungs at once,
Expanding their nice ſubſtance, ruſhes in
The forceful air. The circulating blood
Alters it's courſe, thro channels unеſſay'd

Impell'd,

Impell'd, whoſe firſt reſiſtance haply claim
Exertions of the labouring heart, quick, ſtrong,
If not convulſive, yet irregular.
Exertions of the lungs themſelves, to gain
Their neceſſary powers, and genial ſpring.
Add too that oft each muſcle, every limb
Strain'd and compreſt, ſcarce bears the gentleſt touch,
Sore from the late hard conflict undergone,
And agonies maternal. But to cold,
Know, He is born impaſſive; or at leaſt
With vital warmth ſupplied, to render vain
It's moſt ſevere aſſault; beyond the ſcale
Of heat which ſtimulates maturer age.

He needs not Art's aſſiſtant hand, or dreſs
Of ſtudied care. Uncloath'd, in wilder climes,
Like the more hardy natives of the ſoil,
E'en in the polar regions, He might brave
The freezing atmoſphere. Nay, unwith-held
By dubious fears, tho placed indeed beneath
More favouring ſkies, there are, who from his birth

Plunge

Plunge th' infant ſtranger in the gelid wave,
Where unappall'd the mother too enjoys
The bath's refreſhing coolneſs. But, nor harſh,
Nor fanciful, We ſhall not recommend
To Thee, more delicate in form and mind,
Daughter of Britain, theſe examples, drawn
From ſavage nations, and from tribes remote.
Cloath'd be thy Child; ſo poliſht cuſtom wills,
And decent manners: But in airy garb,
Looſe, and uncinctured. Thus He ſhall avoid
The torment of accumulated heat,
Nor from unnatural coercion feel
Diſtreſs and anguiſh. With minuter rules
To croud the page, and dull or quaint deſcribe
His veſture, what materials ſhould compoſe
Each article, and whether by the loop,
Or pin reſtrain'd, (tho as the laſt may bring
Danger, nay death, the caution which forbids
It's uſe, above the trivial-ſeeming cauſe
Important riſes) deſcants ſuch as theſe,
Prolixly mean, would argue in the Muſe

Failure

Failure of judgment, no reſpect to Thee.
Suffice the general maxim; to dilate,
And to the teſt each conſequence reduce,
Be thine. Bright glows the warm maternal ſoul,
And clear, illumined by a hint alone.

Nor flows with that neceſſity the ſtrain,
As erſt it might, when barbarous hands around
The new-born Babe fold over fold inwreath'd
The circling band. Amid the wanton gales
Which Luxury breathes, amid the changeful ſwarms
Which Faſhion decks in her chameleon hues,
Amid th' increaſing follies of our age,
And vices not perhaps deſtructive leſs
Than thoſe of old, tho ſofter, milder far,
Link'd with humanity, and taught to charm,
To poiſon by politeneſs; Juſtice owns,
While the rough virtues of our anceſtors
And manly genius We no more behold:
Our ſouls revolt from habits which enſlaved
Unamiable their Minds, and from the ſway

Of

Of Prejudice, whose galling shackles long
Their vigorous faculties controul'd. This truth
Justice confesses, this, th' instructive Muse,

GLADLY, O Mother! We congratulate
Thy Infant, who from life's first dawn enjoys
His birth-right, who the vital air it will
Inhales, nor feels corporeal bonds. With me
Revert thine eyes, and LO! their hapless Sons,
How braced and pinion'd, who t' extend the reign
Of civil liberty, with ardour toil'd,
Who fought, who bled t' extend it. (Nor escaped
The Race preceding our's.) See, where they lye,
True objects of compassion! round them close
Is fixt the painful bandage, not a limb
Can move; sad victims to th' erroneous creed
Which holds that Nature incompletely acts,
And forms defective works, that Art may give
The strength by her refused, and perfect this
Th' unfinisht system, gasping they recline
In real martyrdom. The shriek is heard,

The

The groan, the ſob expreſſive, but in vain.
In vain the little Captive, as awhile
Releaſed from durance, utters ſounds of joy,
Stretches his arms well-pleaſed, and ſmiles, and caſts
His looks delighted on the cheerful blaze,
Or waving taper. To his fetters ſoon
Remanded, He in vain attempts to cope
With arbitrary power, each effort tries,
Shews by each deed th' abhorrence which He feels,
Adding th' emphatic eloquence of tears,
Of inarticulate, but deep diſtreſs,
And ſtruggles all-impaſſion'd to be free.

WITH pity and contempt thy ſoul beholds
This picture. What calamities enſued,
Experience proved; but idiot bigotry
Confeſs'd them not. Th' evolving principle
Within, the plaſtic juice augmenting ſize,
Thus partially impeded, could not urge
The deſtined fibres onward, or enlarge
By due accretion e'en the vital cells

Requiring ſpeedieſt growth. Yet active ſtill,
In diſproportion'd manner, to the head
Unſeemly bulk they added; or the joints
Diſtended, and relax'd. Or oft from pain
Shrinking, the Child, unconſcious but of eaſe,
Curved by forced attitudes the flexile bones,
Nay th' all-ſupporting ſpine. Th' obſtructed breath,
The fluids in their circulating courſe
Unnaturally check'd; th' irriguous glands;
The fount whence motion, and ſenſation ſpring,
And future intellect, the Brain itſelf,
Diſturbed, or with more laſting injury
Impreſst, exclaim'd at this prepoſterous war,
The war which Step-dame Art with Nature waged.

Call'd by ſociety to tread the paths
Of buſy life, from it's hard ſlavery ſoon
The ſtronger Sex was freed; and ere too late,
Haply by Nature's potent air reſtored,
Could boaſt a frame of vigour unimpair'd,
And undeformed. But to long ſufferings doom'd,

The

The female Race, ſo will'd perverted taſte,
For many a year pined underneath the force
Of this domeſtic torture. For as erſt
The Mother ſtrove t' aſſiſt their infant nerves,
And give to weakneſs ſtrength: She now aſſay'd
Her progeny t' embelliſh, and their ſhape
To mould, as fancied beauty in her eye
Deceptive ſhone. Heaven! that the human Mind
Warp'd by imagination, ſhould believe,
Or e'en ſuggeſt it poſſible, the form,
Whoſe archetype the Deity Himſelf
Created in his image, could be changed
From it's divine proportion, and receive
By alteration, comelineſs and grace!
That round the Zone which awkwardly reduced
E'en to an inſect ligament the waiſt,
The blooming loves ſhould ſport, enticing charms,
And young attractions! Heaven! that e'er a Bard,
(The genuine Bard is Natures' ſacred Prieſt)
Forgetful of his charge, ſhould deck with praiſe
As fair and lovely, what would ſtrike the ſoul

Unwarp'd

Unwarp'd by cuſtom, as a ſubject fit
For ſcorn, indignant ſpleen, or ridicule.
Yet Prior! tho nor taſte nor reaſon blend
Their eſſence with the verſe, while laſts the tongue
Thy numbers help'd to poliſh, while the powers
Of melody bear ſway, the verſe ſhall live,
Beauteous deſcription of a Gothic Shape.

Oh! may the manners of thy nut-brown Maid,
Her artleſs truth, ſimplicity of ſoul,
Her fondneſs, and intrepid conſtancy,
Long in the boſoms of the Britiſh Fair,
Tho baniſht every other region, dwell,
Delighted inmates! May their eyes ſtill beam
With all her ſpeaking rays, their cheeks endue
Her modeſt crimſon! But may never more
" The Boddice aptly laced" their panting hearts
Confine, or mutilate that ſymmetry
Of limb and figure, whence a Zeuxis' hand
His all-accompliſht Helen might have form'd,
Or a Praxiteles with happieſt art

Sculptured

Sculptured a Venus. The Meridian day
Behold them dreſt as potent faſhion bids,
Girt with exterior ornaments uncouth,
Trappings diſguſtful; yet at morn, or eve,
Or when they to the genial bed repair,
Still may they charm the melting eye of love
With elegance and grace, the fabled Dames
Of claſſic ſoil tranſcending, native grace,
And elegance unveil'd, which mocks attire.

RETURN Digreſſive Muſe! t' approach the ſhore
Of Cyprus, or to breathe the tepid gales
From Achedivias' Iſland wafted round,
Is not thy choice; tho CAMOENS' Shade invite,
And MICKLE with his glowing ſpirit fraught,
As each heroic, ſo each ſcene of joy
Paint with a Maſter's fire unlimited
By cold tranſlation. Never may our ſtrain
One vague idea raiſe, which ſpotleſs minds
May bluſh to own, much leſs inſult the glance

Of virgin purity, or harſhly wound
The conjugal and chaſte maternal ear.

Digressive Muſe return! our proper theme
Is Man's firſt helpleſs ſtate, our tuneful aid
Th' ingenuous Parent claims. Reſolved to bleſs
Thy Child with eaſe and freedom, taught to ſhun
By the dire act of Swathing, all conſtraint
So baneful, let no part eſcape thy care.
Nor load the head; nor till he walk abroad,
At leaſt till firmly he can preſs the ground,
Cover the legs or feet. Some precepts here,
To Cloathing unattached, or ſlightly link'd,
We mean t' inculcate. Need I then to thee,
O Mother, whom the ſoul refined alone
Can prompt t' inſpect my numbers, recommend
The Virtues' dear Correlative, (as They
The mental frame, ſo the corporeal, She
Adorning, rendering pure) the decent Maid,
Unſullied Cleanlineſs, with Her full oft
Thy Charge to viſit? Not that to her ſhrine

E'en

E'en from thy tender years thou haſt not paid
Sincereſt worſhip. But my words believe,
Strict watchfulneſs the Menial Train require,
And if, unheedful to their truſt, they ſlight
The grave rebuke, diſmiſs them from thy doors.
Not Their's the nicer ſenſe inſpiring Thee,
Thoſe principles and habits now intwined
In union with thy nature. Nor is their's
The Babe, who ſmarting from their ſloth, with nerves
Keenly alive, by the corroſive ſting
Of acrimony pierced, tormented ſhrieks,
Or moans inceſſant. Neither ſcorn as vain,
The dictates which ſucceed, from Reaſon learn'd.

Banish the ſofter couch; let not thy Child
Recline on down; his pliant bones but now
From cartilage emerging, on the bed
Which yields beneath his weight may haply gain,
Thus frequently recumbent, a deformed
And twiſted aſpect, by Chirurgic ſkill
For ever irreclaimable. Nor leſs

Such

Such accident t' avoid, with cautious eye
Th' attendant mark, who bears him in her arms,
And let Her oft his poſture ſhift, oft change
From right to left, altern. A careleſs Tribe,
Purchaſed by intereſt only, is the Race
To ſervitude accuſtomed; truſt not them.
Truſt thy own judgment, let thy ruling mind
Govern each act of their's. Yet neither here,
Nor elſewhere, mean We in a general blame
T' involve them all. Some from attachment ſerve,
And to conſtrictive duty add the tye
Of willing love. Such as a treaſure prize,
A countleſs treaſure. Say, by One of theſe
Is thy Child foſter'd? ſmoothe for her the brow,
The tone of high command; let all her days
Roll on illumed by kindneſs and eſteem;
Think her thy fellow-labourer and thy friend;
Alleviate every future ill of life,
And, if thou can'ſt, remove them. Ne'er may She
Who with maternal prudence, and the warmth
Of zeal affectionate, hath lent her aid

To

To form thy Children, to ſupport, to raiſe
From perilous eſtate to ſtrength and health,
Feel the diſtreſsful ſting of poverty,
Or, if the means are not withheld, in thee
Want a protector. But, if more than this,
Her boſom hath the nutriment ſupplied
Which thine refuſed, ſtill more may ſhe demand,
And thou in juſtice grant the liberal boon.

And Oh! Ingenuous Youth! whoſe blood now fluſht
With yet unſatiated deſire, quick beats
In every pulſe, to mix in active life
Intent, or climb where ſcience points the way!
Oh Virgin! Who with beauty deckt, and gay
In unperverted innocence around
Survey'ſt thy Homagers, yet coveteſt
One faithful heart alone. Oh! recollect
Her aſſiduity, her diligence,
And tender care, to which Thou oweſt the frame
Able to cope with buſineſs, or ſuſtain
The toil, which knowledge aſks, to gather in

Her wide-ſpread harveſt. That attentive zeal,
To which thou oweſt the comelineſs of ſhape,
Thoſe beauties which from every eye attract
Th' applauſive glance, and every breaſt inſpire
With love or admiration. Recollect
Not frigidly, or faintly, like the crew
Who every pleaſure center in themſelves;
Not with weak indeciſive apathy;
But with a bounteous and expanded ſoul,
Eſtranged from ſelf, replete with gratitude.

BECAUSE the winged Nations fondly brood
Over their unfledg'd Young; becauſe We view
Where'er reclined, her new-born Offſpring preſs
Cloſe to the Parent Quadruped; becauſe
By inſtinct irreſiſtible impell'd
The Mother longs t' embrace her infant Charge,
And hide it in her boſom; while thro wilds,
Or o'er the deſart mountain as ſhe roves,
The Savage ſtill her clinging Babe ſuſtains:
Some, this communicated warmth affirm,

Is needful; and that Man's elſe-drooping Race
Requires the genial contact. Mindleſs they,
How far from Nature's ſimpleneſs diverge
Our ſteps, our every action. Were the Child
Unclad by day, unſhelter'd thro the night,
We ſhould not heſitate to recommend
What otherwiſe We ſmile at, or perchance
Hold but of dubious conſequence. Our lays
Have taught what cold his ſyſtem can repell
Firſt into light immerging: And if cloath'd
As cuſtom bids, he from himſelf will gain
This added warmth, condenſed, and on himſelf
Recoiling. Better thus, than haply ſunk
Beneath the load which our nocturnal reſt
Demands, to feel th' intenſe phlogiſtic heat
Of temporary fever, or to melt
In copious ſteam away. Much better thus,
Than by the Mother or the Nurſe oppreſst
In heavy ſleep, to fruſtrate all the ſchemes
Parental love had formed; or placed within
Some ancient Hireling's bed, inſtead of warmth

From

From generous blood, and balmy breath ſupplied,
To warm the ſhrivell'd Dotard. But, if laid
From thee remote, or in the couch with thine
Conjoin'd, why ſhould'ſt Thou not examine well
And frequently his lodgment? ſo inform'd,
Thou can'ſt not fail, O Mother! to perceive
What ſuits his conſtitution, what to add,
What to ſubtract; doubtleſs thy native ſenſe
Beyond my ſtrains will teach thee, that when rules
Fierce Sirius, lighter veſtments will ſuffice,
Than when Aquarius opes his full-fraught urn,
And Winter arm'd with piercing froſt, defies
Th' unwarlike Sun. Thy prudent ſoul will know
His limbs in health, bleſt with the temperate mean,
Nor heat nor cold betray. Yet truth forbids
To ſlight exceptions which are often found
Eluding juſteſt rules. Should ſome diſeaſe
Attack thy Child, and anguiſh writhe his frame,
To ſhivering pain thy near approach may give
Solace and eaſe, nay as it were, foment,
Aſſuage, and lull the ſmart; or ſhould He pine

With

With more than common weakneſs, from his birth
Afflicted, blaſted, or untimely born
With nerves imperfect, as th' exotic flower
Thrives not, but when included from the winds,
It's fibres by the ſun's concenter'd rays
Are duly irritated, he may want
Thy vital ſtimulating heat. But ſoon
E'en then attempt increaſe of ſtrength to give
By other means; and ſeek at firſt the Bath
Of moderate temperature; by ſlow degrees
Proceeding, till his habit can ſupport
The powerful ſhock which colder lymph imparts.

But ſo diffuſive is the tyrant reign
Of Faſhion; ſuch our table's proud exceſs;
Such is our love of cards, time's Murderers,
Keen agitators of the gentleſt breaſts,
(Which ought to be the gentleſt,) ſuch thoſe hours,
Thoſe midnight hours, corrodent of the bloom
Which elſe would decorate the female cheek,
And animate the lips which now are pale:

Such

Such the deſtructive arts, when beauty fades,
It's meretricious ſemblance to diſplay,
The lifeleſs white, and never-varying bluſh;
Detected by the curious eye, which hates
The fraud, and painted Cytherea ſcorns:
Such are our Matrons, ſuch, (except the Few,
Who nobly ſingular behold, and ſmile
At Folly's deeds abſurd) that all who ſpring
From them, may well partake the feeble nerve,
And vapid blood, in which more faintly glows
The living principle; and what for ſome
We erſt preſcribed, We now preſcribe to All,
To all their children; neither do We think
Even to them the ſong may flow in vain;
For ſhould Caprice applaud, who oft uſurps
The throne of Senſe, and guides the public taſte,
In her wild fit round Merit's brow the wreathe
Intwining, which for Folly ſhe deſign'd,
They too may caſt a glance acroſs the page
Which Faſhion bids them read. Know then Ye Fair,
Whom tho my heart approves not, I behold

With

With trueſt pity, know, th' unhappy Babes
Whom you have toil'd unceaſing to produce
Fragile and delicate, a word of your's
Perhaps may reſcue from impending fate.
Oh! iſſue your commands! great is the power
Of cold: Yourſelves no doubt have often ſought
In fervid ſummer it's benign effects
In the ſalt deep, whence braced You might endure
The winter's hard campaign. And hence new tone
Your Offspring ſhall derive, their ſtamina
In ſome degree corrected, while the force
Of nervous influence more intenſely thrills
Th' arterial frame, and the lax Muſcle ſwells.

Ye Frigid Springs! wherever firſt appear
Your bubbling ſources, underneath the grot,
Or pendent ſhade. Ye ever-living Streams!
Where'er Ye wind pellucid thro the vales
Your paſtoral mazes, or o'er rocks abrupt
Hurl down your daſhing foam. Ye Rivers wide!
Where'er in proud proceſſion to the Main

Your

Your copious tribute rolls: to You my ſong
Should grateful riſe—Ye Naiads! who direct
Each ſcatter'd rill, ere in coactive ſtrength
They flow exuberant; to your praiſe attuned
Should ſound the note melodious, and your names
Would I, ye Nymphs recount, and joyful paint
Your attributes and virtues—But your Prieſt,
Your favourite Akenſide, his hallow'd lays
Hath not in vain effuſed, with pious voice
Hymning your benefits; and all around
Your ſacred haunts hath caſt a magic ſpell,
Forbidding each profaner foot, the groves,
The caves, the dells obſcure where Ye ſojourn,
And your chaſte boſoms ſhelter from the fire
Of ſcorching Phœbus, wantonly t' approach,
Or rudely violate. Nor ſhall my feet
Profanely tread your dark-embowering ſhades,
Nor ſhall my roving eye with curious ſearch
Your deep receſſes pierce. Yet, O Ye Springs!
Ye Streams! Ye Rivers clear! And Thou, by whom
They all are fed, to whom they all return,

Exhauſtleſs

Exhauſtleſs Ocean! with the general ſong
Which choral Nature pours, my voice ſhall join
Tho undiſtinguiſh'd; and with all that creep,
Or run, or fly, or vegetate, ſhall own
Your fructifying, life-preſerving power.
Your power, which Thales, which the Man of Thebes
Contemplating, affirm'd to liſtening Greece,
That water all tranſcends, unrivall'd, beſt,
The ſole, prolific element of things.

WHETHER your moiſture cloathe th' exulting meads
With herbage, or flow-deluging the plain,
You fertilize the ſoil, while Millions view
The proſpect with delight, ſure pledge of wealth,
Of copious-teeming harveſts. Whether ſoft
And gentle your refreſhing dews deſcend,
Abſorbed by each inhalant leaf and flower.
Whether your rains entangle as they fall
Th' electric fluid, and with vital ſtrength
Each ſeed inform, each fainting plant ſupply.

Whether You offer to the thirſty lip
Delicious draughts; or to the anguid frame
Of ſickneſs your invigorating waves
Wherein to bathe, and feel the tonic force
Of Cold at every trial brace the limbs,
The heart, the brain re-act at every ſhock,
Till all their priſtine energy reſtored
The fibres move reſponſive to their ſway,
And the once loitering blood propell'd anew
Warm thro it's channels to the ſurface flows.
You, mid the general ſong which Nature pours,
My grateful ſtrains ſhall praiſe. For, not Unread
In Pœon's hallow'd lore, not uninform'd
By chemic Art, your healing qualities
I too may boaſt to know; and whence derived,
From earths, or ſalts, or mineral particles,
Combined, ſuſpended by attraction's laws,
Or held in union by aerial chains,
And crown'd with ſprightly *Gas*. Hence, led by hope,
By reaſon led, I drank with eager lip

At

At thoſe ſalubrious ſprings which make renown'd
Our Britiſh Baiæ; but th' obſtructing cauſe
Of ill, or relaxation faint remain'd;
Such miſchief waits on ſedentary hours,
And ſtudious midnight thought. Hence now the ſhores
Of hoary Neptune, hence the ſounding caves
I ſeek, and turn to the refreſhing breeze
My languid face, inhaling, as I ſit,
The briny ſpray; or mark the riſing ſun
Beyond the vaſt expanſe diffuſing wide
His glorious beams, and at his orient light
Dip in the fluid element; nor breathe
To either Power unheeded oriſons.

Surely, not duped by Fancy, I perceive
At times, as ſtruggling to be free, the trace
Of long-forgotten feelings! And my limbs
More firmly preſs the beach! And t'ward the flood
I move, unaided by miniſtrant hands.

O Dawlish! though unclaſſic be thy name,
By every Muſe unſung, ſhould from thy tide,
To keen poetic eyes alone reveal'd,
(From the cerulean boſom of the deep
As Aphrodite roſe of old) appear
Health's blooming Goddeſs, and benignant ſmile
On her true Votary; not Cythera's fane,
Not Eryx, nor the laurel boughs which waved
On Delos erſt, Apollo's natal ſoil,
However warm enthuſiaſtic Youth
Dwelt on thoſe ſeats enamour'd, ſhall to Me
Be half ſo dear. To thee will I conſign
Often the timid Virgin, to thy pure
Incircling waves; to thee will I conſign
The feeble Matron, or the Child on whom
Thou may'ſt beſtow a ſecond happier birth
From weakneſs into ſtrength. And ſhould I view
Unfetter'd with the ſound firm-judging mind,
Imagination too return, array'd
In her once-glowing veſt, to thee my lyre

Shall

Shall oft be tuned, and to thy Nereids green,
Long, long unnoticed in their haunts retired.
Nor will I ceaſe to prize thy lovely ſtrand,
Thy towering cliffs, nor the ſmall babbling brook
Whoſe ſhallow current laves thy thiſtled Vale.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

4 AP 54

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Addreſs to Dr Monro and Dr Hunter.—Death of Newſon lamented.—Dr Black.—Subject of the Book, Exerciſe.—Previous remarks on the Human Frame. —Obſcurity of it's laws and actions.—Early tendency to locomotion to be indulged.—Sleep to be procured by conſtant exerciſe.—The cradle never to be employed.—Child not to be aſſiſted too much in his efforts.—Benefits of Exerciſe.—Curioſity not to be check'd.—Advantages to the body, and the formation of the Mind. —Weakly, and deformed Children, gain ſtrength, and recover the misfortune, by Exerciſe.—The Country the beſt place for the education of Children.—Neither Cold nor Heat to be ſhunned.—All the leſs cultivated Nations eſcape many diſeaſes, particularly Nervous Ones, by Exerciſe, Open Air, and Bathing.—Daughters not to be reſtrained from exerciſe proper for them. —Bad effects of too much labour, as well as of Idleneſs.—Origin of Exerciſe, A ſuppoſed fragment from Heſiod.

BOOK

BOOK THE FIFTH.

TO Thee MONRO! whoſe induſtry and ſkill
The Muſe can witneſs, tracing every nerve,
Each tube arterial, vein, and filament,
With the perſpicuous ſteel illuſtrating
The frame of Man; nor leſs with vivid force
Of happy diction, to th' obſervant ear
Teaching *that* Phyſiology on truth
And reaſon founded, which beholds deſign
And matchleſs order on the different parts
Impreſs their functions, and pervade the whole,
From final cauſes riſing to the Prime,
Th' All-wiſe, All-perfect: and rejecting far
From Phyſic, from Anatomy, the doubts
Of Pyrrho's followers, and th' aſſertions lewd
Of ſhallow Atheiſts; while in thee ſurvives
Thy Father's ſpirit, who the ſchool upraiſed,

With ſapient Rutherford combined, and graced
The chair, his Son with equal luſtre fills.

Theſe ſtrains MONRO! I conſecrate to thee,
To thee, and HUNTER, Rivals tho Ye are,
Yet in my heart, my verſe ſhall Ye be join'd,
Both dear to Science, to your Country dear,
Deſerving public fame, and private love.

SHALL HEWSON ſink untimely to the grave,
And I the note refuſe? refuſe to paint
His gentle manners, amiably humane,
Winning with eaſe their unobtruſive way
Into the breaſt where Friendſhip and Eſteem
With warm embrace received them? Or his ſoul
Inquiſitive, and ardent to detect
Nature, howe'er conceal'd beneath a cloud
Obſcure, and to the ſearch of common eyes
Impenetrable? Shall I not lament
His talents render'd uſeleſs? And the bloom
Of Genius wither'd in it's vernal morn.

WHEN

When Gratitude inſpires the ſtrain, ſhall Black
Remain unſung? Who firſt the path eſſay'd
Which ſince by many a bold Adventurer trod,
Hath open'd ſources unexplored? diſcloſed
Subtiler eſſences; to new purſuits
Awaken'd Chemic Art? And looſed the bonds
Of it's eſtabliſht empire? No; while praiſe
He covets not, and ſhrinks from due applauſe,
The Muſe ſhall not in ſilence prætermit
His lucid facts, and philoſophic toil.

Tho foremoſt in the ranks of Being ſtand
The Men, who active in the cauſe of truth,
Divine, or moral, or to human life
Subſervient, with unceaſing labour ply
Their taſk ſevere; to free th' embodied Mind,
And it's ideas raiſe above the ken
Of dull Mortality; by uſeful Arts
Invented, or improved, to ſubjugate,
And undeceive reluctant Error, bring
To the true teſt of juſt experiment

Her

Her ſpecious viſions, and elucidate
Her dark perplexities; yet is not He
Among the loweſt, who their precepts ſtrives
More widely to diſſeminate, arrange
In varied order their materials, place
Objects the ſame in different points of view,
Or cloath'd in freſher garb, attention win
By ſeeming novelty. Nor ſhall the Bard
Howe'er condemn'd by folly, to the rank
Which petulance aſſigns Him deign to ſtoop
His creſt indignant, while He feels within
That living zeal, which by occaſion fired,
Would prompt his ſoul to dare celeſtial themes;
Inforce the rules of action which connect
Each ſocial bond; or each ingenious mode
Of Art unveil, whence profit or delight
Ariſe; and captivate with thrillings ſweet
Of unluxurious pleaſure the nice ear
Of ſenſibility: With thoughts ſelect
On which no vulgar images intrude
Th' affections and the paſſions mingling bland,

Ere in our lays inſtructive, We proceed,
And dedicate the verſe to Exerciſe,
'Twere fit to ſearch with deep attentive care
The Human Fabric, it's component parts
And Nature to determine, were it given
To Poet or Philoſopher to treat
A ſubject ſo myſterious unreproved.

Much hath Anatomy diſtinguiſh'd, much
Remains unknown; the rudiments of life
Who ever ſhall explore? Where dwells the Power
Inherent, or acquired, which firſt expands
The comprehenſive germ? Which moulds, propells,
And inorganic fluid can convert
To animated fibre? In the Brain
Does it reſide? Or in the central Heart?
Or do they both their energy combine?
Is it ſubtle, elaſtic, and derived
From that ethereal Eſſence which perchance
All ſpace informs, and every ſubſtance fills?
Or is it from the blood by wondrous means

Secreted,

Secreted, render'd volatile, ſublimed,
A pure, peculiar ſpirit? From his ſtate
Of vegetable torpor when releaſed,
Whate'er it be, by this the Infant lives,
By this He moves; by this th' abſorbents bear
Their nurture from the ſtomach to the veins,
The waſted blood's ſupply, whoſe finer parts
Perpetually exhale; this gives the lungs
To play, which from the circumambient air
It's vital principle inſpire, and yield
Th' effete mephitic vapour back again.
This ſtimulates the heart, and by the heart
And irritated fibres is in turn
Excited, quicken'd, ſtrengthen'd: This extends
The ſolids, and enlarges, haſting on
The circulating ſtream. This generates,
Or is of living Heat the copious fount,
Active while it exiſts, without it's aid
Soon changed to deadly cold. By this, the nerves
Of every various ſenſe with ſpeed convey
Each impulſe to the Brain, infixing there

Th'

Th' indelible ideas, there arranged,
Connected, modified, they haply form
Or ſeem at leaſt to form the Soul Itſelf,
Immortal, immaterial; Hence the ſtores
Of wiſdom are eſtabliſh'd; hence the flaſh
Of wit burſts forth; and hence with keeneſt glance
Imagination darts her eye throughout
This mundane ſpace, pierces beyond it's bounds,
And Worlds creates, and Beings all her own.

Is it of Heavenly origin? A ray,
A portion of Divinity, this Power
Miraculouſly working? Guided ſure
By other ſprings it acts than thoſe of chance;
For chance is nothing, a chimæra framed
From non-exiſtence by the breath of Fools.
We ſee the deeds of higheſt Intellect,
The finger of a God. Profound We bend
In adoration, and tho all his ways
We know not, tho implicit darkneſs hang
Over this univerſe immenſe, confeſs

That

That nothing ſhort of Deity, could e'er
Conceive, or raiſe the edifice of Man.

Yet, while the myſtic elements of things
Are undiſcover'd ſtill, while hidden lye
Th' interior Agents; while to Man himſelf
Man is a Being which his utmoſt pains
Have fail'd to analyſe; while tho we view,
Or think we view the circling chain of life
Depending link on link, in many a part
Chaſms intervene, unfill'd but by the touch
Of vague conjecture, or of fancy wild:
The power of Obſervation is not given
In vain; or handed down from Age to Age
Facts by experience ſanctified; nor ſhines
Fruitleſs the torch of clear Analogy.
Or ſuperſeding all, the pureſt light
The ſteadieſt, Nature yields; unerring beams,
Which point the way to truth, while Reaſon ſmiles,
And Judgment walks ſecure. O Nature! thee,
Goddeſs benign! when firſt this theme I choſe

In

In early youth, with aſpiration warm
I call'd; thee vow'd to follow; unrepell'd
By Art's faſtidious brow, or Syſtem's frown,
Unwarp'd by Theory's deluſive voice.
For Thou Alone the faithful Monitor
Art placed within; thy motions if obſerved,
Forever point to good. Nor will I now
Deſert thee, or retract what then I ſwore.
For not from Thee we only learn to raiſe
The frame corporeal to it's deſtined pitch
Of health and ſtrength; to ward with certain ſhield
The darts of ſickneſs; or if ruſhing on,
Diſeaſe o'erwhelm us with impetuous might,
To catch the rapid moment, and at once
Expell the Foe, or waſte his violence
By due protraction, till he quit the field:
But, if by tyrant Habit unenſlaved,
If unimpair'd by affectation vile,
And imitative manners ſwimming down
The ſtream of head-long cuſtom; Thine is all
The mental glory: Virtue, taſte, deſign

Unborrow'd, glowing thoughts, expreſſion ſtrong,
The full emphatic eloquence of proſe,
The liquid flow of melody, the burſt
Of torrent rapture, and each foaming wave
Which ſwells the boundleſs tide of verſe ſublime.

To Nature then, with me, O Parent Mind!
Stoop lowly; and obſerve her impulſe rouſe
From his firſt ſlumbrous ſtate awaked, thy Child.
How ſoon, tho active vigour be denied,
His arms, his feet the tendency diſplay
To loco-motion, and his roving eye
Darting ſwift glances; pleaſed that nought around
Should be at reſt, nor pleaſed with reſt himſelf.

INDULGING this propenſity, to all
His free unfetter'd limbs allow their quick
And yet unſteady efforts; let him gain
From his Attendant, what he ſeems to aſk,
Perpetual exerciſe; tho not at firſt
To agitation violent expoſed,

Or

Or toſt in playful wantonneſs on high,
But gradually proceeding. Treated thus,
Kept in unceaſing action while awake,
He will not need the Cradle's moſt abſurd
Pernicious motion, which the giddy brain
Confuſes, and benumbs; on him ſhall ſteal
A ſofter, ſweeter, more refreſhing ſleep.
Nor blame the Muſe, whoſe iterated ſtrains,
Neglecting ſlaviſh art, it's uſe forbid:
Wiſhing th' Invention with deſerv'd contempt
Exiled forever; with th' untoward Swing,
The Go-cart, and the Leader, be it doom'd
To blank oblivion; or preſerv'd with them
Only in ſome Muſeum's nitch devote,
Teach future times, from paſt examples wiſe,
More ardently to follow Nature's paths,
Her ſimpleneſs to venerate, and own
Her all-ſufficient dictates. Let thy Child
Enjoy his balmy ſlumber uncompell'd,
Or by himſelf alone acquired, from due
Inſtinctive exerciſe: And let Him learn,

Untaught

Untaught by others, his allotted talk,
To creep, to ſtand, to walk; and let him know
Full early no aſſiſtance will be lent
In aught which by his proper ſtrength and ſkill
He can accompliſh. So ſhall ſtrength and ſkill
Hourly increaſe; ſo He by days and months
The puny Infant ſhall excell, deprived
By doating fondneſs of his native powers;
Or to the care of Lazineſs aſſign'd,
Who ſuffers Him with tottering ſtep to drag
Incumbent, while the faithful eye alone
Should watch, or ready hand with gentleſt touch
Uphold. Nor think (an argument of yore
For binding every limb) his tender form
Will from his own exertions e'er receive
Subſtantial injury; a poſture wrong
Uneaſineſs will prompt Him to correct;
Nor will his feebleneſs permit the force
Inducing harm, ſo ſtrictly to his weight
Proportion'd: And how ſoon, uncheckt by art,
Inherent ſenſe, will threatened danger ſhun,

Is wondrous. Vanquiſh then ideal fears.
And on the matt, or carpet let him ſport,
And feel his growing vigour; or entice
To their extremeſt verge his infant ſight
With becks, and ſmiles, and captivating toys.

For ends moſt wiſe, and moſt important, flows
Redundantly profuſe within thy Child
This active principle. By Exerciſe
The quicken'd pulſe and ſtimulated heart
More truly ſhape each fibre, give to each
Their tenſion, and elaſtic ſpring; urge on
In ſwift and properly ſucceſſive waves
The crimſon fluid, and from thence ſecern
The different humours, healthy, bland and pure.
While thro their various channels are detach'd
The recremental dregs, of acrid kind,
Or fraught with particles to human life
Deſtructive. Exerciſe ſupports the flame
Of life itſelf, that ſteady heat, which glows,
And with peculiar fixedneſs, reſiſts

External

External cold: Nor, in the torrid Zone,
Where Phœbus beams direct his fiercest ray,
Is by the scorching atmosphere increased
To morbid violence. By Exercise
The stomach unoppress, digests, concocts,
Assimilates, the generous chyle prepares,
And feels again the necessary goad
Of keenest appetite. That balance nice
With which health corresponds, of part to part,
Of muscles to their due antagonists,
Fluids to solids, to themselves, the just
Mixture, proportion, influence, strength of all;
Even th' invisible ethereal stream,
As vigorous, or weak, condensed, or rare,
Sensation, passion, intellect, nay more,
Virtue, and vice, on Exercise depend.

Know it's advantage then; nor judge thy Child
With this profusion of activity
Endow'd in vain. For Nature rules within,
Sage tutoress, and he now will soon acquire

By

By her inſtinctive precepts more than years
Of labouring education can impart,
So She be not in froward mood oppoſed,
Or not unſeconded by thee. Behold,
And aid her movements, let him ſee and ſmell,
Hear, taſte, and touch all objects at his will.
So the deceptive ſenſes ſhall be fix'd;
So early repetition ſhall beſtow
That juſt diſcrimination, that acute
Perceptive ſwiftneſs, which in future life
Seems inſtantaneous and intuitive,
Innate, and unpoſſeſt by ſecond means.

Nor as with limbs more firm He treads, impede
His reſtleſs ardour, his inquiſitive
And eager curioſity, which learns,
Approaching nigh, the varied form of things,
Their diſtance, ſituation, what reſiſts,
Or yields, th' innocuous, and replete with harm.
Excite, impell him forward; and when Mind
Now beams apparent, and the flexile tongue,

By

By imitation, and habitual uſe,
Can utter ſounds articulate, the names
Of every object teach him to repeat;
Add daily to his ſtore of images
Simple, and unabſtracted; let him walk
Or run the verdant fields and lawns along,
Nor Thou diſdain t' attend him, and point out
As giddy apprehenſion can receive,
Or roving fancy liſts, each herb, and tree,
Mountain, and ſtream, and mineral, the birds
Which ſkim the liquid air, or from the brake
Pour their ſweet voices, herds, and bleating flocks,
Inſects on wing, or on the lowly ground.
With him the nimble graſhopper purſue,
And chace the gawdy butterfly; or ſtrive
To catch the variegated bow which plants
It's baſe on earth, now near, but ſoon removed
To diſtant hills; or bid him mark the Sun
Refulgent ſhining; or the clouds diverſe;
At eve, the ſilver moon, creſcent, or full;
And every ſtar whoſe radiance decks the ſky.

Thus ſhalt Thou ſee with pleaſure on his cheek
Health's genial hue, his limbs proportion'd juſt,
And beauteous, as of yore the little Loves
In Paphos, and Idalia, or as ſtill
Warm from Albano's magic touch they breathe;
Sportive as Zephyr, agile as the Son
Of Maia, when his infant hand deceived
Apollo's piercing ſight, and ſtole his lyre.

Thus Reaſon's ſtructure ſhalt Thou help to form,
Laying the ſure foundation, and avoid
Their error, who the memory haply load
With numerous words, and think their Child endow'd
With parts prodigious, ſhould He get by rote
Sonorous trifles, uſeleſs, and to him
Incomprehenſible; debarr'd meanwhile
From action, which invigorates the frame,
And every curious ſenſe directs to things,
Momentous, and ſubſtantial, underſtood
At once, or by ſpontaneous efforts ſtamp'd
On the ſenſorium, ne'er to be eraſed.

Reject their error. Nor ſhould ſtrength of Nerve
To thy ill-fortuned Offspring be denied,
Should e'en his limbs more tardily perform
Their office, and diſtortedly relaxt,
Trembling ſuſtain their burthen; heed the voice
Of prejudice, or fooliſh tenderneſs,
Which, nature's power unknown, would recommend
Forbearance, and each ſlight exertion dread.
Rather endeavour by repeated uſe
To brace the fibres; Exerciſe can ſtring
The ſlacken'd muſcles, which their native tone
Shall reaſſume, and conquer by degrees
Hated deformity. Nor, ſhould a cauſe
Obſcure, and ſingular, as ſuch may be
Withhold Him from th' aſſiduous playfulneſs
Which Health and Nature love; indulge th' inert
And heavy diſpoſition; chide, invite,
Force Him to move; leſt ſullen apathy,
And ſtupor, the phlegmatic Habit's curſe,
To their devoted victim cling thro life.

Without design, the lawns, and verdant fields,
We introduced not; mid the rural haunts
Was placed the tender nurseling; and from thence
If possible, for many a rolling year
Let nothing tempt thee with thy charge to seek
The baneful town. The country boasts alone
Untainted gales; the Joys, and frolic Sports
Here revel; Temperance here awhile defies
Encroaching Luxury, and beneath it's shades
Primeval, lingers Innocence of soul,
And cherub-wing'd Simplicity. Here dwells
Th' unvitiated Muse, and thro the glade,
By Alphin's willow'd margin, or beneath
His lofty elms, or mid his apple groves
Thick blossoming, tunes th' elegiac strain,
Or meditates, as now, th' instructive lay:
Escaped from slavery, from the din of fools,
From envy, and deceit, the treacherous crew,
Who worse than fever or the pestilence
Infect the city's mansions; here intent
To meet Hygeia, and with her invert

The garden mould, copartner of her toil,
Or raiſe the drooping flower, or from the tree
Prune it's luxuriant branches; or aſcend
With her the ſwelling hill, or urge the ſteed
Acroſs the neighbouring down, or bait the hook,
And tempt th' unwary native of the ſtream.
Oh! Thou Propitious Power! tho long exiled,
The Muſe hath met thee here! Whence eaſier ſpring
Th' ideas from their ſecret ſource, around
Fancy once more her fairy viſions ſpreads.
Light is the deſtined taſk, melodious airs
Inſpire the bowers, and ſofter numbers breathe.

If Sickneſs enter not the rural dells,
Or vanquiſht by the purer atmoſphere
Give place to radiant health; conſider well
What deſperate ills thy Children may elude
Here educated, in whoſe veins yet flows
Unſullied ichor, by the ſteams which riſe,
Mortal, and groſs, in the throng'd city's bounds
Unchanged. Nor regulate with anxious zeal

Their

Their paſtimes and excurſions, let them bend,
As tutor'd from within, each pliant limb,
Each mode of varied exerciſe eſſay,
Enjoy their animation, and the ſting
Of innate ſprightlineſs. Nor let them ſhun
Accuſtomed thus, the ſummer's noonday heat,
Or winter's freezing ſky. Th' Inhabitants
Of every region are by nature apt
It's warmth, or cold to bear, it's ſhifting winds,
And quick viciſſitudes: in frigid climes
Still more alert, and ſtimulated more
To neceſſary action. Oh! forewarn'd,
Thy Children in the ſtifling dome, howe'er
Grateful to thee, include not; and miſled
By phantoms of imaginary harm,
Superfluous veſtments, tho defenſive deem'd,
Wrap not around them. So their vital powers
To danger unobnoxious, ſhall repell
All immature aſſaults; their nerves robuſt
Eſcape the morbid tenderneſs of thine,
Source of unnumber'd ailments; whence the mind

Itſelf

Itſelf at length unhing'd, is timid, weak,
Irreſolute, and to ſenſations doom'd,
Which tho they muſt exiſt, can ſcarce be borne.

Of poliſht idleneſs which ſhrinks from toil,
And cautious trembles at th' external blaſt,
This is the ſad reſult. While all the Tribes
Uncultivated, whether in the wilds
Canadian, or Brazilian, on the ſteep
Of Caucaſus, in Africa, or Ind,
In the Malayan Iſles, or thoſe late ſeen
By Him, illuſtrious Chief whoſe timeleſs fate
Britannia mourns, and ſhall forever mourn,
Whate'er erroneous cuſtoms they poſſeſs,
Howe'er productive of peculiar ills,
From this at leaſt are free, this languor wan,
Theſe nervous horrors which o'erwhelm the ſoul.
But from activity, from open ſkies,
And the luſtration of pellucid ſtreams,
Unmoved ſupport each accident of life,

Cold,

Cold, hunger, thirſt, and pain; nay dauntleſs meet,
And cheerfully reſign'd, the ſtroke of death.

Thus too of old upon Eurota's banks,
Or in the martial field near Tiber's waves,
From hardy childhood, Lacedæmon ſaw,
And Rome majeſtic, thoſe intrepid bands,
Which taught the ſons of haughty Greece to ſtoop,
Or ſubjected the world. To labour train'd
From early years, thus, undebauch'd by courts,
And ſoftening indolence, in glory's page
Enroll'd, and with her laurels deckt, have ſhone
Princes, and Heirs of Empire. Thus, advanced
From Perſia's borders, unrelaxt, and brave,
Cyrus, whom Babylonia's walls in vain
Reſiſted, and the Myriads which obey'd
Lydia's enervate Monarch, while his crown
He ſlaviſhly ſurvived, and baſer ſtill
Survived his liberty. Thus, mid the rocks
Of Bearn, as lived the youthful Peaſant Race,
From them unknown, but by his royal mien,

With

With feet unſandall'd, and uncover'd head,
Henry, the future Pride of France, was raiſed
By true maternal virtue. Hence He quell'd
Iberia's new Geryon; hence, the League
That factious Hydra gored with many a wound,
And finally ſubdued: hence, graced his throne;
And peace and plenty thro his realms diffuſed.

LET then the ſturdy Boy unlimited
Follow the bent of nature; nor too ſoon
Enſlave thy Daughter; let her limbs poſſeſs
Their utmoſt freedom to th' extremeſt verge
Which cuſtom will permit. The lengthen'd walk,
The more delightful ride, the mazy dance
Whoſe rapid evolutions ever pleaſe,
Theſe, faſhion, rigid decency allow,
Whate'er her age: and if each day purſued
In regular ſucceſſion, will create
That mode of happy texture, which attracts
The Lover's eye deſiring; where the blood
Speaks in the mantling cheek, but unſuffuſed

With

With coarſe and vulgar crimſon; where the frame
Is healthy, not robuſt, and elegant,
Not delicately fragile. Purer minds,
And gentler manners Fancy here beholds,
By peeviſhneſs untinctured, undiſturb'd
By malice and ſuſpicion; nor perchance
Views with illuded eye. For much the Soul
Depends on her Companion. Exerciſe
Too far impell'd, abnormous, and for years
Continued, renders denſe the nervous tide,
Or to the ſeat of thought at length imparts
Ideot rigidity. Th' effects of Age
Intemperate toil can prematurely bring
On the worn frame, and ſad untimely death.
While Idleneſs relaxing every nerve
The mobile fluid is deranged by ſtrokes
Of ſlighteſt force, nor life is worth the name.

WHAT then do We adviſe? At firſt intent
On the corporeal organs, Nature ſtrives
T' unfold, to ſtrengthen them; and calls in aid

Their own endeavours, reſtleſs, and untamed.
In her more ſimple ſtate, by keen deſire
Of food the loco-motive powers are rouſed;
The Savage elſe inactively reclines
In his low ſhed, or underneath the palm,
Or ſpreading cedar, if not urged to war,
And it's impetuous deeds, by hot revenge:
Superiour ſwiftneſs and ſuperiour ſtrength
His higheſt excellence, and only boaſt,
The ſoul neglected, and to him unknown
It's finer feelings, and extatic joys.

But in thoſe climes where polity hath ſmooth'd
Our innate roughneſs, where humanely taught,
By wholeſome laws conjoin'd, by th' intercourſe
Of liberal manners, and th' incircling chain
Of Arts and Commerce, there the faculties
Of nobler birth are prized; the general-weal
Defends each individual, who leſs heeds,
Or values ſtrength, except as far as health
Aſks his attention; nor the body ſole,

But

But mind, while gather the ſucceſſive years,
Parental notice claims. When this expands,
Controul too fervid action, regulate
It's wilder efforts. Social life requires
The head conſiderate, and the labouring hand,
Buſineſs and ſpeculation, ſtudy deep,
And enterpriſe which laughs at danger's frown,
Toſt on the ſtormy billows, or engaged
In fighting fields. Whate'er his lot, adapt
Thy Child to vigorous deeds, or ſtrenuous thought.
Let Exerciſe and Books with mutual ſway
Divide his time well-govern'd. Who alone
Purſues the hare, the fox, and bounding ſtag,
Or pores unceaſing on the mouldy page,
Equal contempt and blame deſerves. Nor fail
If totally their charms engroſs the ſoul,
Acute Philoſophy, or e'en the Muſe
With all her ſofter beauties, to contract
The ſpan of life, to fill that ſpan minute
With languor, diſcontent, diſeaſe, and pain.

Ere We conclude, this added verſe receive,
From Greece derived; for as of late immerſt
In rapturous thought, Memory it's Chiefs pourtray'd
It's Sages, Patriots, Bards, Apollo's Self
Appear'd, or in my day-dream ſeem'd t' appear.
With Him the car I preſs'd, which ſwiftly flew
O'er continents, and ſeas; not ſwifter ruſh'd
The trident-bearing God to Simois' plains,
When under his immortal feet the woods
Umbrageous, and extenſive mountains ſhook.
We gain'd Bœotia, where aroſe the cliffs
Of Helicon, th' impurpled lawn I trod,
And to it's top beyond my feeble ken,
Aſcended my Conductor, where He join'd
Th' expectant choir, whoſe harmony methought
Far diſtant ſtruck my ear. But on a bank
With lotus and with hyacinth o'erſpread
Reclined th' Aſcræan Poet, Him I knew,
For by his ſide was placed the verdant branch
Of ſcepter'd laurel, which the Muſes erſt
With their own hands beſtow'd, and bad him ſing

Their

Their high deſcent, and all th' ethereal Race.
His ſheep were ſcatter'd round, and many Swains,
And many Virgins with attentive ear
Imbibed his flowing numbers, with the throng,
I mingled, and regretting that ſo late
My footſteps had arrived, for now his ſtrains
Were well-nigh finiſht, and the ſun declined
T'ward ocean's bed, with deep reſpectful awe
Heard his laſt notes, while thus the Maſter ſung.

" His anger ceaſed; for on the rocks which bound
The ſolid earth, with adamantine chains
Braced firm, Prometheus groan'd, while on his prey
The ſcreaming eagle darted from above.
And Epimetheus too of vacant ſoul
Had as a Bride received the treacherous Maid
Vulcan's alluring work, with graces fraught
Celeſtial, but diffuſing evils dire.
When now the ſovereign Father bade convene
The ſubject Powers; ſoft pity fill'd his breaſt
For new-created Man; on golden thrones,

They

They ſate in order due; He thus addreſs'd
Th' aſſembled Deities. Ye Sons of Heaven!
Who on Olympus dwell, or ocean's waves
Inform, or o'er the ſtreams preſide, or haunt
The woods, and foreſts! with avengement juſt
The Traitor is exiled, who firſt preſumed
Our living fire to ſteal, who expiates now
His guilt, and ſtretch'd upon the Scythian crags
Horrific, lies expoſed to piercing winds,
Fierce-driving rain, and ſnow, or beating hail,
Which with unmitigable violence
Aſſault his deſolate abode. Nor fails
Our ravenous Bird at early morn to ſeek
His nightly-growing feaſt. Such puniſhment
From us He merited; nor have we ſpared
His favour'd mortals, with Pandora's gifts
Enchanted, by her blandiſhments ſubdued.
But them We now with kinder eye behold,
Ill-form'd to laſt, and verging to decay
Hourly; no doubt with ſkill and care compoſed,
Worthy their Author, and with Heaven's own flame

Inſtinct,

Inſtinct, from our ethereal dome procured
By fraudful ſtratagem; yet weak to bear
The changeful elements, diſeaſes fell,
And acoidental ills, a numerous train;
Too exquiſitely wrought, and deſtined ſoon
Again to mingle with their kindred clay,
Unleſs their fate ſome means yet unreveal'd
Awhile protract; t'ward them my wrath relents,
Not of themſelves, from their own previous wills
Originated, and to tranſient life
From duſt upraiſed. To you the means I leave
Immortal Powers. Who wiſhes to preſerve
The race terreſtrial, hapleſs, and forlorn,
From ſpeedy diſſolution, may explain
Free, and unblamed the dictates of his heart.

" He ſpoke. Then Pallas with attentive eye,
Smiling, beheld the Deities around,
Or pondering ſilent, or conſulting deep.
Smiling She ſate; but graceful from her throne
At length aroſe, and thro th' effulgent hall,

Proceeding

Proceeding o'er the jaſper pavement, ſought
The door high-arch'd, whoſe valves of ſolid gold
Spontaneous open'd; ere again they cloſed,
The blue-eyed Maid return'd, and by the hand
Led in the prime of youth, and blooming charms,
A Nymph of heavenly mien, and as it ſeem'd
A ſiſter Goddeſs. On her cheeks was ſpread
The glowing hue of Hebe; waving hung
And looſe her raven locks, but juſt confined;
Her robe ſuccinct a golden claſp upheld
Baring the knee: Not languiſhingly ſoft
Like Venus in her gait, nor rivalling
Majeſtic Juno; but in all her limbs
Dwelt ſymmetry divine, activity,
And ſparkling ardour; while her hand ſuſtain'd
A ſpear, too light for battles dire, in which
Mars wields his maſſy javelin, but to feats
Of mimic war adapted, or to wage
The Sylvan conflict. To the feet of Jove
Led on, th' aſſembled Powers at once ſurvey'd
Her virgin Form with wonder and deſire,

As

As from her breath perfumes, and from her hair
Dropp'd fragrant roſes. Then Minerva pauſed,
And thus began. O Father! ſee, with thine
How all my thoughts accord. The means I bring
Thy deſtined aim to perfect; from their fate
Suddenly threatening hapleſs Man to ſave,
And bleſs with length of days: by this my work,
This beauteous Nymph, whom I with plaſtic hand
In emulation of Vulcanian ſkill,
Or Promethean, faſhion'd; not of earth,
Or fire, like their productions, but of pure
And elemental æther; nor by Thee
Forbidden, or with anger now ſurvey'd.
Her name Gymnaſia, and in future times,
And regions yet by mortal feet untrod,
Health-giving Exerciſe. For ſhe the race
Of Men ſhall urge t' exertion and to toil,
Snatch from Pandora's arms the tender Babe,
String his young nerves, and thro th' eventful ſcenes
Of chequer'd life ſupport him, ſcattering wide
The miſts of torpid indolence, the worſt

Of all the plagues, which in the fatal box
Were ſtored, whoſe ſweetneſs poiſons, and the frame
Weak of itſelf, to double weakneſs dooms.

" She ſaid. The Power ſuperiour, with a ſmile
Approved her wiſdom, with a ſmile that cheer'd
Heaven, earth, and ſeas; viewing the lovely Nymph
Moulded by her, and by her ſkill adorn'd,
The ſtedfaſt Friend, and Guardian of Mankind.

" They thro the yielding air with ſpeedy flight
Deſcended, haſting to the Nether World;
With acclamations loud, Olympus rang."

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

INFANCY,

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Addreſs to Dr Milman.—The Author declines treating particularly of the Diſeaſes of Children.—The treatment of Diſeaſes in general, cannot be taught to the Vulgar; nor could thoſe of Children be contained in a work like this; much leſs could the ſkill and judgment be imparted neceſſary for the adminiſtration of Remedies.—Falſe notion, becauſe Children cannot deſcribe their feelings, that the ſeats and cauſes of their Diſeaſes are therefore unknown.—Diſeaſes of Children not ſo ſimple as Some have imagined.—The Cauſes alſo are many and various.—Neceſſity of applying for ſpeedy aſſiſtance.—This, even ſhould it be unſucceſsful, will hinder the remorſe which might follow a different conduct.—The effects of this remorſe exemplified in an Epiſode.—Inoculation.—Riſe and progreſs of the Smallpox.—Introduction of Inoculation into Europe by Lady Mary Wortley Montague.—This duty inculcated.—Concluſion.

BOOK

BOOK THE SIXTH.

TO thee, whom laudable Ambition fires,
Surmounting every obſtacle, to climb
The height of ſcience, rivalling the fame
Of Arbuthnot, or Garth, or learned Mead:
With whom in life's gay morn my heart inwove
A bond of union, which no power but death
Can e'er untwine: whoſe warm, whoſe liberal voice
Hath oft approved my ſtrains, in this perchance
Too partial, yet humane, and in the ſong
Contemplating the Friend: This verſe, to thee,
MILMAN! as worthier of thy claſſic ear,
I now devote; nor would I on thy time
Sacred to public good, or ſtudious thought,
Intrude the futile levities of wit,
Or uſeleſs elegance, howe'er refined.

WITH

With prudence nurſed, and by it's precepts formed,
Thy Child, O Parent! haply will aſcend
Unhurt to manhood. Yet, events there are,
Which not my lays can teach the means to ſhun,
Nor thy aſſiduous caution can elude.
For He is mortal, and to mortal ills
Prone from his birth. Each violent Diſeaſe
The human race invading, may be his:
And ſome, confined, exert their baleful force
On Infancy, and Childhood. What, thy care,
What, rural ſcenes, what the pure lymph, and food
Aptly ſupplied; what his own active powers
Indulged, the frigid bath, and cleanlineſs,
With regulation due of heat and cold,
Can fruſtrate or prevent, and much they may,
He will avoid. At leaſt the ſhafts of Death
Shall oft be blunted, Nature's vigorous arm
Her ſhield protending, while her faithful aid
Joins with thy ardent wiſhes. Is thy mind,
Anxious, and fond, with this unſatisfied?
And doſt thou aſk the latent plagues to view

Skulking

Skulking in ambuſh? know their different ſigns?
Learn their Prognoſtics, fatal, or ſecure?
And the reſources which progreſſive Time
Hath found, and liberal Practice can ſelect?

What wilt Thou gain, ſo taught? Augmented fears,
Doubled anxiety. In every look
If ſlightly changed, in every wanton cry,
Or ſudden ſtart, thy love ſolicitous
The ſeeds of dire diſaſter will perceive,
And haſte with needleſs remedies t' oppoſe
A fancied miſchief, till thy Infant feels
Perhaps thus often treated, real pain.
Say, that Diſeaſe were fixt, and that our page
Lay full before thee fraught with juſteſt rules;
Could'ſt thou with timid mind, and throbbing heart,
Preſume t' apply them? Would'ſt thou not, immerſt
In heſitation, all attempts forego?
If not, the tone, and bias of thy ſoul
Miſtaking, We for ſuch as thee ne'er ſtrung
The lyre humane, nor e'er the lyre will ſtring.

Yet,

YET, much the welfare of thy Child We prize;
And doubtleſs, even from his natal hour
Beginning, could in graphic order paint
Every diſtemper, each appropriate name
Diſcloſe, their diverſe ſymptoms and their cure.
And when th' inſtructive plan We firſt eſſay'd,
Imagination's inconſiderate eye
Colleagued with Youth, this finiſh'd work beheld.
But Judgment, render'd ſtronger by the lapſe
Of twice ſeven years, rejects the green deſign.
A theme inelegant, for verſe unfit,
Tedious, and long, and barren, and to Thee
Of little profit, nay with danger ſtored.

A TASK like this, the Muſe without regret
Leaves to ſome *Medicaſter*, who the quill,
Dextrouſly wielding, aims at vulgar praiſe.
We know the failure of Generic marks
Employ'd on Species; near the bed of pain
We know what nice diſtinction is required,
What accurate ſerenity of thought,

What

What ſedulous attention, to collect
Each circumſtance minute; and from the traits
Commingled and fictitious, to detach
What ſuits peculiar natures, and the turns
Of endleſs and immenſe Varieties.

WOULD then the Mother, would the wary Nurſe,
(If ſuch there be) from ſo diſturbed a fount,
To them diſturbed, it's muddy waters draw?
And ſport with human life? Not thus reproach'd
Shall flow my numbers, which the hand of raſh
Or doating Ignorance ſhall ne'er ſupply
With poiſon. Never will I ſtoop to win
The Multitude's applauſe by deeds or words
Which candour muſt deſpiſe. Nor e'en in ſong
Reflections caſt on others, that on me
May light the praiſe of fools; tho plauſible
Each note appeared, and for the common good
Intended ſolely: Much leſs with abuſe
Degrade the very Art I once profeſs'd.
For conſcious of the toil it's practice claims,

Th' inquietude, the watchful nights, the days
To thought intenſe devote, when jovial Mirth
Holds it's nocturnal orgies, and the voice
Of empty Vanity is heard at noon,
Tho far beneath th' illuſtrious Great, I knew
What form'd their ſterling worth, and placed them high
Above the ſelfiſh, mean, Empiric race.

Such were the Sages of th' Aſclepian line;
Thus, from the Coan, to th' incipient age
Of Boerhaave, lived the Prime of every ſchool:
Thus Sydenham, over every ſchool Supreme;
Such Huxham lately ran his courſe of fame.
While Glass with evening brightneſs ſtill adorns
The weſtern ſky, and proves not yet extinct
The true, the genuine Hippocratic beams.
Patient t' obſerve, They unremitting, ſcann'd
The book of Nature, while their ſouls enlarged
Took in, and added to their proper ſtore
All paſt experience, methodized, and clear.
How vain their labour! if a tract compiled

By

By ſome aſſuming, ſpecious ſhallow Scribe,
Could teach th' inferior orders of Mankind
With ſtrict diſcernment thro the tangled maze
Of it's progreſſive ſymptoms, to conduct
Each dangerous Malady, it's cauſe unveil,
And each adapted remedy prepare:
Could theſe my ſtrains embrace the various ails
Infeſting Childhood, to thine eyes diſplay
The various antidotes, and give that ſound
Unerring judgment, which alone acquired
By uſe and contemplation, can inſure
The proper time of trial, can adviſe
With confidence, and juſtify the deed.

YET, what We may, what nor the Muſe forbids,
Nor our own ſenſe condemns, is freely thine.

IF from the Mother's boſom We remove
Thoſe falſe opinions which her gentle ſoul
Unwittingly poſſeſs; if we deſcribe
The limits of her care, and when t' invoke

Superior

Superior Wiſdom's aid; if on her mind
Some duties we impreſs; and tyrant fear,
And more tyrannic ſuperſtition drive
Far from her dwelling, not in vain We write:
And many a fell diſeaſe o'ercome, her Sons,
Her Daughters ſhall hereafter bleſs the day
Which brought theſe well-meant numbers to her ear.

Because the Child, with reaſon unendow'd
And power of ſpeech, by words t' expreſs his grief
Nature permits not; ſome believe the ſource
Of anguiſh and affliction is conceal'd
From every eye, and deem aſſiſtance vain.
Or to the Nurſe, or vaunting Midwife truſt,
Who caſes manifold and ſimilar
Have oft beheld, and never fail'd to cure:
For Each her Noſtrum boaſts; if harmleſs this,
And trifling, it were well, did not the wing
Of Time ſpeed faſt th' irrevocable hour
Of wiſht redreſs. But frequently the drug
They praiſe, the cordial drops are fraught with death,

Hurrying

Hurrying convulſions on of direſt kind;
Or with narcotic venom ſtrong imbued,
Plunging their Patient in eternal ſleep.

YET, Nature, in thy Child, tho not in words,
Speaks plain to thoſe who in her language verſt
Juſtly interpret. Are the different tones
Of woe, unfaithful ſounds? Can He, whoſe ſight
Hath traced the various muſcles in their courſe,
When irritated in the different limbs,
Retracted, or extended, or ſupine,
Fix no concluſions on the ſeat of pain?
Is it of no avail to mark the breath,
How drawn? the face? the motions of the eye?
The ſalient pulſe? th' eruptions on the ſkin?
The ſkin itſelf, conſtricted, or relaxt?
The mode of ſleep? of watching? heat? and thirſt?
From which, and numerous traits beſide, arranged,
Combined, abſtracted, and maturely weigh'd,
Judgment it's practice forms? Are characters
Like theſe, which aſk the nice-decyphering ſoul,

Intelligible

Intelligible to the Beldames Old
Who wrapt in darkneſs, utter propheſies
And lying oracles, which cheat the ear,
Or follow'd, to deſtruction lead the way?
Oh! may good Angels, kindling in thy breaſt
The lamp of reaſon, guard thee from their ſnares!
Blind Guides, aſſiduous to deceive the Blind.

Truths partially adopted oft admit
Ingreſſive Error. Children are preſumed,
As freſh from Nature's hand, with maladies
Of ſimpler kind to labour, than the frame
Of groſſer Age. Say, this belief were true?
A general rule? If ſimpler than they are
Hence treated, ſtill we cannot but decry
Th' unſound opinion which for all alike
One favourite mode of practice recommends.
If juſt the notion, Æſculapius' Son
Might as a vain intruder be diſmiſs'd,
The Mother could ſupply his place unblamed.
But, (nor with idle terrors do we ſeek

To

To wound affection) from experience taught,
We know what medicines, different in effect,
And oppoſite, the varying ſymptoms claim.
Antiphlogiſtics which the vital heat
Increaſed, depreſs; and Cardiacs which excite;
And Opiate Sedatives, in vulgar hands
Pernicious as the deadly nightſhade's juice.
And Draſtics harſh, which utmoſt ſkill alone,
And wiſe diſcretion, when the moment calls,
Should dare adviſe. Th' uncomprehenſive Mind,
Or prejudiced, or wiſhing to repoſe
In inactivity, is likewiſe prone
To ſimplify the cauſes, and accuſe
That which perhaps exiſts not, but which reigns
As it conjectures, eminent o'er all.

THE wild deluſions which this ſource affords,
With ſilent ſcorn or pity hath the Muſe
Often atteſted. The luxuriant glands,
In Infants ſtiled of diſproportion'd ſize,
And the too copious fluids they ſecern,

Or tough and viſcid, Some alone condemn.
As if theſe glands by nature were ordain'd
So large without deſign, or worſe, to prove
The ciſterns of diſeaſe. Acidity
Some only blame; and ſome, the ſting ſevere
Of acrimonious humours. Theſe accuſe
The noiſome worm, however hid from ſight.
Thoſe, as exciting fever, reprobate
Nought but the growing teeth. Repletion, Some.
While Others dreadful fits ſurvey within,
Or e'en pretend to trace them in the ſmile
Of downy ſleep. Nor Women ſolely err.
The Pedant has his whims; and He, the light
Fantaſtic Form, who ſuperficial ſkims
The froth of ſcience, yet would fain appear
Moſt intimate in it's profoundeſt depths,
Nor a phænomenon beholds, to which,
Like the firſt Man, intuitively wiſe,
He cannot give a name. What ſtrange conceits
Have not Philoſophers embraced? Intent
The principles of Galen to defend?

Or

Or to deduce from chymic elements
Recondite cauſes? Or the line apply
And mathematic rule, to buildings raiſed
On mere imaginary ground? Or ſearch
The moon, and aſpects of the diſtant ſtars?
While Some, from animated Beings, thick
Diffuſed thro ſpace, inviſibly minute,
Have every ill derived, tormenting Man.

Let All who will, enjoy their pleaſing dreams,
So human life be ſafe; and Theory
Held in firm durance, never guide the pen
When ſickneſs needs aſſiſtance. But, of this
Be ſure, O Parent! to thy Children flow
From numerous cauſes, which would tire thy ear,
And paſs the ſtated limits of our verſe,
Their diverſe ails; tho not perhaps like Us
Subject to putrid ferments, yet from them
Not wholly free, nor from the power of cold,
Of ſultry heat, of humid air, and dry,
And fell Contagion, whoſe reſiſtleſs aim

If placed within it's reach, no Wight can ſhun
Of mortal mould, nor e'er eſcape the bane,
Unleſs around her favourites Nature caſt
Impenetrable mail, no work of art.

Shall then by fear impeded, None attempt
To reſcue Childhood from diſtreſs and pain,
But thoſe, by long and toilſome ſtudy taught,
T' inveſtigate the cauſe, the ſymptoms ſcan,
And judge what they portend? Th' impartial heart
Unmoved by ſordid lucre, by the goad
Of mean ſelf-intereſt, wiſhes to the Race
Of Infant Innocence, no worſe a fate.
But not to combat what the Muſes Nine,
And e'en the Delian God with all his power,
Could never vanquiſh; and becauſe the ſtep
Of Pæon's Votary is not always near;
Attend our ſtrains. When the weak head declines,
And the eye droops; when now th' inconſtant cheek
Is red, now pale; when fretful, reſtleſs, hot;
The ſtomach and inteſtines diſcompoſed,

And

And in their office changed; when the young ſprings
Of life more quick or tardy ſeem to move
Than Nature wills; We would not to thy Child
Forbid thee (tho We dare not recommend,
Nor can approve the deed, unleſs by fate
Widely ſequeſter'd from th' experienced eye,
Reaſon's ſole plea;) to give a portion due
Of th' Indian root; or taught the quantity
With nice exactneſs, which his Age may claim,
Some uſeful Antimonial; or, that mild,
Inſipid, light, abſorbent, by it's name
Magneſia, better known, or join'd with this
More ſtrengthening Rhéum, from Siberian wilds,
Or Turkey's regions brought. Here ends thy care.
For now the tranſient obſtacles o'ercome,
Alacrity returns; or ſtill He pines,
Still his diſtemper gains increaſing force.
And if the cauſe ſhould thus be deeply fixt,
Thy efforts would be vain, perhaps unſafe,
At leaſt engend'ring danger by delay,
And Danger often marches cloſe by Death.

HERE let thy love, thy conſcience take th' alarm;
Love for thy Child, and terror at the guilt
Of dire infanticide. Perhaps the worſt
Of ills impends; Convulſion lurks unſeen;
Fever already riots in his veins;
Or ſuffocation threatens to deſtroy.
Truſt not Thyſelf; truſt not the babbling Hag;
Let Fondneſs all alive, and light'ning round,
Detect Her, as Ithuriel's ſpear the toad,
Couch'd at the ear of Eve, with poiſon fill'd.

YET ſhun deſpondence, cheriſh warmeſt hope,
Seize fleet occaſion ere it paſſes by,
And call th' ingenious Leach, his happy ſkill
Shall to it's priſtine health thy Babe reſtore,
If all-o'erruling Providence permit.
If not, to th' indefatigable Mind
Tho learning all it's myſteries hath reveal'd,
Tho judgment clear, and long experience join
Their potent aid, A WARREN will be foil'd,
A HEBERDEN, or BAKER, cannot ſave.

But

But Thou from every taint of guilt or blame
Art free; thy duty is perform'd; tho poor
That ſolace is, which counſels, Be reſign'd,
Fetter the ſtrong ſenſations, rapid-wing'd;
And glean content from rectitude of thought.
Who thus can loſe the Darling of the eye?
The little lively Cherub, who e'en now
Begins his voice to modulate, and liſp
The half-form'd tale? Ah! wherefore was he given?
So ſoon reſumed, and ſnatch'd from cheerful day?
That, Heaven beſt knows. Yet, if thou wilt, indulge
Thy juſt emotions, give them ample ſcope;
Recall each mimic geſture, every ſound,
Each look, when pleaſed, or wayward in his mood,
He ſtruck with inexpreſſive tenderneſs
The ſoul parental. With thy ſtruggling heart
The Muſe ſhall ſympathiſe, ſhall add to thine
Congenial notes ſincere. But time ſhall heal
The rankling wound, and ſoften by degrees,
Nay, quite o'ercome reflection's ſharpeſt pangs;
Till Memory tracing to the fount of Grief

Views

Views it at length unruffled, and beholds
Thro the calm lymph, Woe's once deteſted form,
Affectionately penſive, yet ſerene.

The Human Soul with fortitude can bear,
Or with elaſtic energy expell,
Or ſlowly certain, vanquiſh every ill,
But dread remorſe. The Self-accuſed deſcend
Low in the ſcale, and abject, or they pine
Afflicted, or amid the blaze of noon
Perceive no change in the dark midnight gloom
Which reigns within; Deſpair ſtands ſcouling by,
And ſullen Madneſs crouches for his prey.

Oh! may thy Mind, whatever doom'd to feel,
Whate'er of anguiſh, pain, or penury,
Wounds of ingratitude, or ſlighted love,
This worſe than all, that famine, fire, or ſteel,
This horrid Fiend avoiding, never ſhrink
Beneath his weight, by conſcious thought condemn'd.
Nor, may Evadne's melancholy fate

Be

Be ever thine. What beauties could She boaſt!
How fair, in virgin innocence! Her charms
Pierced deep, for unaffected was the Maid,
And juſteſt education had improved,
Not tortured Nature. Melody had choſe
Her voice for it's loved vehicle of ſound.
Tho mute, She ſpake, her eye had magic fire.
Her ſhape, her geſture, every action beam'd
Expreſſive elegance. Could the young heart
Of Polydore reſiſt her wondrous power?
He ſtrove not to reſiſt, He heard, He ſaw,
And all his melting ſoul was Her's alone.
Nor did She view th' enamour'd Swain, or hear
Scornful the tender vows He breathed; for his
Was the ſmooth open front of candid truth,
The modeſt cheek, the ſoft perſuaſive glance
Of true affection, and the ſigh ſincere.
The lawns, the meads beheld them, and the groves
Of quivering alder, and the willows green
Skirting the mazy brook, nor e'er beheld
Happier and purer Mortals; nor e'er caught

Amid

Amid their ſhades, or on their moſſy banks,
Notes more impaſſion'd from the Doric Muſe,
Than Polydore to his Evadne ſung.

Thus fixt immutably, thus rivetted
By ſtrong attraction, not a Father's frown,
(For his imagination had pourtray'd
Evadne in the higher rank of pride,
Of wealth, and pageantry;) not five long years
Of abſence could from either's heart eraſe
The other's image. Yet again They met,
Auſpicious was the meeting; for the ſoul
Of Age ſevere, now moved, reſolved to bleſs
The conſtant Youth, and to his arms reſign
The beauteous Maid. He bleſs'd the conſtant Youth;
And to his arms the beauteous Maid reſign'd.
Fair ſhone the morn of their eſpouſals, fair
The coming morn, and promiſed to the eye
Of raptured love, a train of proſperous days.

Oh

Oh Happineſs! how exquiſite!—how brief!
Affliction is the lot of Man below;
And often, Miſery, when the ſoul of joy
Flaſhes with tranſport, breathes a ſudden air
Of chilling froſt, the genial warmth deſtroys,
And florid bloom. One eve Evadne ſat
Alone, in ſwift ſucceſſion to her view
Roſe many a fairy proſpect, but the light
Which gilded them was Polydore's, the ſun
Was He, illuming, animating all
The forms of her creation. Even then
She felt his warm embrace, and preſs'd She thought
His glowing cheek to her's; for him prepared,
The table ſmiled; for him bright-beaming ſhone
The roſy wine; the foot-ſteps of his ſteed
She heard in every gale. But him, alas!
The living Polydore ſhe never ſaw.
That Steed had proved unfaithful to his truſt,
With mad'ning ſwiftneſs t'ward the gate He flew,
While far behind his breathleſs Maſter lay.

THE feelings of Evadne to deſcribe
Weak is the Muſe, and nerveleſs are her ſtrains.
What can ſupport her? Where exiſts the Power
Which can detain her from the grave that holds
Her Lord in death? What, but the Babe which ſmiles
Unconſcious of his loſs, as on her breaſt,
Her nurturing breaſt, He hangs? For him She lives.
For him ſuſtains the load of grief, and ſtrives
To tear the rooted anguiſh from her mind.
He is the charm which reconciles her thoughts
To the loath'd world? for Polydore in him
She ſees, in the dear pledge of amity:
Stampt with his image, with his vital blood
Inform'd, and breathing ſweet his balmy breath.

HATH not Misfortune ſpent her deadly ſhafts?
Ill-ſtarr'd Evadne! In thy Child appear
The ſymptoms of diſeaſe, and onward haſtes
Impetuous Fever. To a form like thine,
A temper blameleſs, with emotions pure,
Humane, and amiable, ah! why did Heaven

Refuſe ſtaid Judgment, firmneſs to reſiſt
Error importunate, and ſtrength to ſhun
Credulity, which hears the Dotard's tale,
And thinks it truth! Who taught thy Grandam hoar
The ſecrets of an art, to which the Mind
Of vigorous energy, and years of toil,
Are ſcarcely equal? By what Demon urged
Malicious, with what evil Spirit fill'd
Of ſelf-conceit and folly, dares She hope
T' accompliſh, what requires the ſearching eye
Of Genius and the labour'd ſkill of deep
And accurate attention? On thy Child
She looks, then proves her wiſdom. Firſt, the teeth
Are blamed, and charms are tried, and Noſtrums given.
Next, Fits internal, and her poiſonous drugs
She brews like Circe. Then the noxious Worm;
And Anthelmintics various She procures,
And oft repeats the drench. Each different cauſe
She e'er has heard ſuggeſted, is accuſed,
And every remedy She ever knew,
Adminiſter'd; while ſtill, the laſt, her voice

Solemnly

Solemnly ſlow, declares will baniſh pain,
And with miraculous and ſudden force
Reſtore the ſuffering Babe; who lies meantime
Oppreſt with double woe, by his diſeaſe,
And that pernicious treatment, which from plain
And ſimple, has converted it at length
To mortal violence. Now, Nature yields
Reluctantly o'ercome. Evadne ſees
The Victim of preſumptuous Ignorance;
Conviction flaſhes on her mind; She calls
For aid, too late. He dies; and with him dies
Her Polydore again. She raves, She tears
Her flowing locks. Yet, paſſionate exceſs
May waſte itſelf, and Peace once more return.
It might return, as when She felt the pangs
Of abſent love, as when her heart was torn,
Loſing it's dearet portion. But the ſting
Of ſharp reflection, by Herſelf impell'd,
What hand ſhall e'er extract? Her delicate,
And feeling mind, imagination-ſtruck,
Shrinks from exiſtence; while by day, by night,

Theſe

Theſe ſounds pervade her ear, "Thy Child is ſlain,
And Thou wert an Accomplice." Horrid ſounds!
Inviting on his cloud, the dreary Shape
Of melancholy Madneſs. Oh! what notes,
What different notes, utters Evadne now,
Enfrenzied, and forlorn, from thoſe which erſt
Amid their ſhades, or on their moſſy banks,
The groves reſponſive heard, the joyous groves
Of quivering alder, and the willows green
Skirting the mazy brook, thoſe Doric notes,
Which Polydore to his Evadne ſung.

Turn We from ſcenes like theſe, which o'er the ſoul
Of weeping Sympathy diffuſe a gloom,
Yet, not unchaſten'd by the milder ray
Of ſelf-acquitting thought, and firm intent
To ſhun the latent rocks of deep diſtreſs,
By pious caution guided; from our theme
Not thus abſtracted, it's preceptive notes
Yet unrelinquiſhing, and ſorrows miſts
Diſpell'd, which o'er the breaſt of Innocence

Flit

Flit like a cloud acroſs the ſummer ſky;
To happier manſions, objects of delight,
And joyful proſpects, turn! to where thy Child
Hath, by Inoculation, overcome
The Plague Variolous! As Hercules
The ſpotted Snakes defeating, tranſport flush'd
Alcmena's glowing cheek, ſo over thine
I ſee the kindled radiance. Whether born
In Ethiopic wilds, or mid the ſands
Of parch'd Arabia, or where ſpread the ſhores
Girding the Caſpian; from his natal place,
Purſuing Mahomet's wide-waſting arms,
The Monſter ruſh'd on Europe, pale diſmay,
Horror, and Death rapacious in his train.
For many a Century, without controul,
When ragid his fury, by pernicious ſkies
Aroused, or propagated far and wide
By fell Contagion, He deſtroy'd Mankind.
The Cities groan'd; The Matron o'er her Babe
In unavailing trance of anguiſh hung.
The Lover offer'd up his fruitleſs vows,

And

And wearied Heaven importunately fond,
To ſave the Beauty which his ſoul adored.
The Babe, the Mother's ſelf, became his prey;
The Youth, and Virgin, ſunk into the tomb.
If life were granted, beauty was effaced;
Each decent feature, tumid, and enlarged,
Roughen'd, or dented with unſeemly ſcars.

MEDICINE was whelm'd with ſhame; the Roman page
Was ſilent, nor the Grecian could afford
An antidote for evils Grecia's Sons
Had ne'er imagined. Rhazes wrote in vain;
And even Sydenham's efforts had their bounds.
For the cold lymph by Prejudice was ſhunn'd;
And Sydenham, tho He oft by freer air
Tamed the devouring heat, and ſhook the throne
Of learned Ignorance, declaring war
Againſt it's regimen, adverſe to life,
And compounds teeming with deſtructive fire,
Alexipharmic poiſons; could not change
The rank malignant nature of the Peſt:

Which

Which ſtill, when favouring conſtitutions reign'd
And in peculiar Habits, all his art
Baffled, invincible; his art, beyond
All Mortals elſe, and only not divine.

The triumph was reſerved for Female hands;
Thine was the deed, accompliſh'd Montague!
What Phyſic ne'er conjectured, What deſcribed
By Pylarini, by Timoni ſketch'd,
Seem'd to Philoſophy an idle tale,
Or curious only; She by patriot love
Inſpired, and England riſing to her view
Proved as a truth, and proved it on her Son.
A manly Mind where reaſon dwelt ſupreme
Was Her's, the little terrors of her ſex
Deſpiſing, by maternal fondneſs ſway'd,
Yet bold, where confidence had ſtable grounds.
How far ſuperior to the turbann'd Race
With whom She ſojourn'd, ſcrupulous, and weak!

Yet,

YET, this is She, whom Pope's illiberal verſe
Hath dared to cenſure with malicious ſpleen,
And meanly-coward ſoul. Redoubled Bard!
What hath thy ſatire, tho it often flow
Happy, and poignant, with Horatian eaſe,
What hath thy moral lay, tho pure, and juſt,
And elegant, of profit e'er produced,
Of high advantage to thy natal Land,
Compared with her bequeſt? Thy numbers charm
The liſtening ear, and with thy poliſht ſtile
Taſte is enamour'd; She hath been the cauſe
Of heart-felt joy to thouſands, thouſands live,
And ſtill ſhall live thro her; thy ſong can pleaſe
None but the Sons of Britain; or the Few,
Of nice, and ſtudious leiſure; She unlock'd
The ſprings of ſatisfaction and delight,
And with perennial comfort bleſs'd the World.

LET Me then urge this duty; nor to fear
Or ſuperſtition yielding, let thy Child
Encounter in his native ſhape the Fiend,

And brave his violence. For, whither, ſay,
To what ſequeſter'd haunt canſt Thou retreat,
Where He will not purſue? How vain thy flight!
How ſure thy victory, if as Art direct
And wiſe Experience, thou anticipate
His threaten'd blow! So when the Patriarch's arm
Was ſtretch'd to wound his Son, An Angel came,
And ſaved the victim from impending death.

Gentle, and almoſt harmleſs is the bane
By Skill communicated, which regards
The times and ſeaſons, nor infects the Child,
If to Dentition's wonted ſtate arrived;
For, ill the labouring frame can then endure
An added ſtimulus. Nor yet before
That period; leſt to Epilepſy prone
By the contagious vapour raiſed, He quit
Sudden the precincts warm of light and life.
This too the cold of winter bids Us ſhun,
Potent the veſſels to contract, increaſe
Their tonic force, and in the ſyſtem ſtir

Fierce inflammation. And the ſummer heat;
By which all putrid ferments are ſublimed,
And render'd doubly fatal. Theſe extremes
Avoided, in the temperate months alone
Let every prudent Matron be reſolved
T' obey the call of duty, and of love.
Unleſs the dread contagion, thickening round,
Impell them to neglect each guarded rule,
Yielding by force to peril's juſt alarm.

Need We, in this our Æra, when mature,
And vigorous, reaſon proſpers, groundleſs fears
Oppoſe by arguments? the groundleſs fears
Of fondneſs, or religion? In thy mind
No terror ſhould, or can with juſtice dwell,
But leſt, as naturally ſeen, by Art
Unmodified, uncheck'd, the ſtern Diſeaſe
Should thy young Charge aſſault. If He eſcape,
His lot is fortunate. Aſſaulted thus,
Oft, from an Hundred only, many die.
From many Hundreds, None, or one perchance,

Of

Of thoſe inoculated. Why ſhould thine
Be the poor ſolitary One? If death
Follow a treatment, which can ſoothe the Peſt,
And meliorate it's nature, could his life
Be granted to thy fervent prayer, when arm'd,
And with it's proper rage it took the field?
This be thy ſource of comfort. Nor believe
That Providence is tempted by the deed.
From Providence flows reaſon to Mankind;
And Reaſon teaches Us to fly from ill,
And covet good. Th' invention, the ſucceſs,
Is the true warrant of approving Heaven.
Who would not rather croſs a ſhallow frith,
When firſt the riſing tide begins, than wait
Hemm'd in a nook, till with impetuous force
It ſweep Him from his ſtation? Who refuſe
By Franklin's pointed rod, to draw the ſtream
Of lightning on their roofs, becauſe the cloud
Might harmleſs paſs above? thus ſafe convey'd,
In unterrific ſilence, to the ground.

THO rare th' Examples now, and ſcatter'd, mark
Th' unhappy Beings, who from idle dread,
Or weak maternal love, in Childhood's ſtate
This boon received not; and who ſharing yet
Th' hereditary feelings, want themſelves
Firmneſs of ſoul th' omiſſion to ſupply.
Mark, where they pine in ſolitude, oppreſt
By anxious thought; to whom Man's cheerful Race
Affords no joy; the voice of Muſic breathes
It's choral notes unheard; the ſtage diſplays
The living manners, and th' aſſembly beams
With ſprightlineſs and elegance, in vain.
The City, nay the Village bounds they fly,
And ſhift from place to place, as from the pack
Of clamorous Hounds and Men, in wild affright
The trembling Hare. Oh! never may thy Sons,
Thy Daughters, thus be curſed! in early life
By thee from all theſe future horrors freed!
The mirthful croud, with innocence of heart
Joining well-pleaſed; the gay, the ſocial hour
Nor ſhunning, nor deſiring, but awhile

To

To ſoften care; or fit the ſoul for acts,
By relaxation due, of nobler kind.
Endow'd by Thee with comelineſs, no trace
Of this abhorr'd Diſtemper left behind,
And all it's wonted ravages defied.

For Montague again the verſe prepare,
And bring th' harmonious ſtrain! Why thro the realms
Of Europe are not votive Statues placed
Honouring their Benefactreſs? From the ſtraits
Of Gades, ſouth, to where the towers aſcend
Of famed Petropolis? Or, croſſing wide
Th' Atlantic foam, why in the new-found World,
Which more to Her, than it's Diſcoverer, owes,
Appears no ſtructure ſacred to her praiſe?
Yet, ſhall Imagination rear the dome,
And fix th' expreſſive marble. Hither come,
Ye Nymphs, and Swains, with flowery garlands deck'd
Your poliſht foreheads; on the ſhaven green
Which fronts the Temple, ply your nimble feet,
The jocund dance inweaving! Hither come,

Ye

Ye Fauns and Dryads! Hither, glowing Love,
And ſpotleſs Beauty! Youth, with radiant eye,
And blooming Health! While underneath the beech
Or oak, which waves it's conſecrated ſhade,
Humanity, and Wiſdom, ſmiling view
The feſtive Throng, mid whom the Graces play.
And quitting their proud bowers, and lofty hill,
The Muſes utter notes divinely ſweet,
Such as of yore They ſung, when Gratitude
Tuned to the Friends and Patrons of mankind
The genuine lyre, ennobled by it's theme.

FINIS.

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